Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839. VOL. IX.—N 2.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Zela and *Fanti* are on their way to New Orleans; *Fordham* is for sale, with or without his engagement, at $6000. *Grasshopper* is probably engaged.

Of the three English stallions, *Muley Moloch* is the one; his blood, performance, and the appearance of his get, render him decidedly our choice; the other two may be purchased for a much less sum.

"Drama" is right in his conjecture, if the lady he refers to returns to the stage; if she should not, the character will be offered to the lady who plays the heroine of a tragedy by the same author. It would be manifestly improper for us to say more, in the present stage of affairs.

B. O. T. is in error as to the time made by *The Queen*, but his article is on file for the R.

Lists of the Blood Stock of Messrs. Iveson and Bonner, J. M. Henderson, and other gentlemen, will have an immediate insertion, and a place in Stratton's Stud Book.

The letters of W. H. T.—of W. F., of Ky., and of J. C. V. G., will be inserted, or their contents noticed next week.

No horse ever trotted three miles in England in 7:58.

A and B are partners at Whist—they are at the point of eight, and A holds two honors in his hand—can A ask his partner if he holds an honor immediately on looking at his cards, or must he defer doing so until it becomes his (A's) turn to play?

"When you are eight, if you have two honors dealt you, you may ask your partner, *before you play a card*, if he has one; if he has one, he shows it, and the game is won."—HOYLE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1839.

"HINTS TO UNBELIEVERS."

Would that our readers could feel, so sensibly as we do, the relief of having published the first number of our new volume. We shudder almost at the thought of the trouble it cost us, the expense, the anxiety, the trotting about here and there after artists, printers, type-founders, paper-makers, and so on. It seemed as if we never should get ready. But at last the thing is done, the proof all read, and the last apology for the accident to our press duly made. Let it not be thought unseemly in us now to examine for ourselves the appearance of our journal. And imprimis, our press did no justice last week to our fine paper and fine type; the face of the sheet was slightly blurred, owing to the calamity which we have often enough deplored. But does the reader remark that he never before has read an American newspaper printed upon a material so costly and beautiful? In the multitude of our improvements, this may not have caught his eye, but we can assure him that the paper cost twice what we ever before paid, and we thought ourselves fortunate in obtaining it at the price we did. [For the benefit of brother Editors who may want a good paper at a fair price, made to correspond to an iota with the sample, and delivered within a second of the time appointed, we commend the house of A. V. BUTLER & Co. Patterson, N. J.]

Again, did the reader note our new head, so manifest an improvement upon our old one—occupying less room, but yet as rich and comprehensive in its outline? It cost us a thought to have that done. Then the new type, if it demanded no more anxious care than forking out the chemicals to a round tune is worth naming among other topics, but it is besides thought to be neat and handsome. It would appear a very little matter to "make up" a paper,—so to arrange its contents that each reader may find his particular hobby close at hand, saddled and bridled, and ready for a start. It appears to us that in this regard we have reached the confines of perfection; there is no cutting of leaves to get at the cream of the different departments.

Would the reader know what we have to say to him individually,—what to say about the news of the day,—this elopement, or that suicide, this artist, or that hotel,—he has but to commence on the page he is now reading, and every thing of an importance so eminent, that he can brook no delay in perusing it, will be found neatly arranged for him. If he be a sportsman, and would hear the latest news from Charleston, the winner of the four mile purse at Augusta, or the prospect of sport on Long Island, he turns to the centre of the sheet, and no cutting to get at it, and finds all such knick-knacks in apple-pie order, inviting perusal by their *captivating* captions. Or if he be a play-goer, and would know how Hamblin is succeeding at the Park, when Van Amburgh's lions are to return,—what they are doing at the National, and when a new opera is to be brought out,—or if he would know the whereabout of Miss TREE, or what the Orleanois think of AUGUSTA, or if Miss NELSON has again eloped, or BOOTH'S last mad prank,—why then he turns to the last page, and is ever sure to find there something in the line he wishes. When he has run his eye hastily over these four outside pages, he may throw it aside, and wait a leisure hour before the attempt to unfold the sheet, or explore its vasty deep. That is a matter for a winter's evening, or a pleasant afternoon.

Next we will allude to the pictures of our first number. If the portrait of AUGUSTA does not do perfect justice to her exquisite beauty, it is because there is a charm about her face when lit up by the excitement of the dance, and the applause of a theatre, which no artist can seize. It is indescribable, though so brilliant as to leave an indelible impression upon the mind of the beholder You may call it up before you in your mind, but the moment you essay to delineate it with the pencil, or even to fix it by language, it escapes you quite; so fleeting is it in the fair Augusta herself, and yet so vivid and beautiful. As to the other embellishment of that number, it is perfection itself; no portrait ever did better justice to so fine an animal.

It may be that some of our readers would be pleased to know what success has attended the change in our paper. Had we been unwilling to gratify a curiosity so friendly in its motives, we should have been constrained to allude to the point by another reason. Several "devilish good natured friends" have been propagating the report, by affecting to *head* and check it, that we have already lost more than half of our city subscription list. It may be doubted if their *wishes* have not as much to do in this matter as their *fears*, and we hasten to relieve them in either case, by stating with the heartiest satisfaction that we have not yet lost *twenty* city subscribers. The *gross* loss is not twenty, while there have been some entries made on the other side of the account, more interesting in the detail to us possibly than to the public. That many may yet leave us, both in the city and in the country is altogether probable. We are prepared to see many changes, but are equally confident in our reliance upon the old set to make up the deficiency. Any reader who will count the cost of such a sheet as is this, will at once acknowledge that it cannot be afforded for a less price; and knowing this, we do not hesitate to appeal to all those who care for the paper, and read it either on account of the interests which it advocates, or regard for those connected with it, to sustain us by such accessions to our list of subscribers, as it may be in their power to make. Already have we heard from several gentlemen in the "Old Dominion," who could not have suffered the last sheet to dry before they sent us the names of friends to place upon our list. In this way do we hope to maintain the character of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" in every respect; in proportion to the number of its subscribers will a lavish outlay be made upon it, and unless there should be an unexpected reduction of our readers, the *seven* or *eight* STEEL ENGRAVINGS which in our last were promised for this volume, WILL BE NOTHING TO WHAT WE SHALL GIVE IN THE COURSE OF THE YEAR! The engraving of *John Bascombe* is already advancing from a fine picture of that horse, and there will be not a moment's delay in giving it to subscribers. In less than two months at farthest do we hope to publish it. Others will follow in close succession as we are relieved from the embarrassment of want of subjects to give. It requires several months from the time of selecting a subject for the artist, before the print can be completed, but we have now four in progress at various stages, and shall lose no time in choosing the other illustrations for the volume. On the whole we deem ourselves "in the full tide of successful experiment," and supported as we are by staunch friends, are prepared to "run on our own courage and pull hard!"

Sleighing.—It is a singular fact that we have not had one day's sleighing this winter in town. The carriage venders look forlorn enough at finding their repositories as well filled with sleighs and their appointments as they were in November last. We feel it ourselves very much, as for several years "our first sleighing" has furnished us with materials for a long article. It is the more provoking, as at a reasonable distance from town, there has been just snow enough to keep the roads right all winter.

The Apollo.—A very clever plan has been started by some of our citizens, for the benefit of artists. An association is formed with which any one may connect himself by the payment of Five Dollars per annum. The money thus obtained is expended in the purchase of pictures, by our own artists. A gallery is thus formed, to which each of the subscribers, with a lady, can have access without further charge. At the end of the year, the pictures are divided by lot among the subscribers. We like the whole scheme, save the name; none but newspapers should be allowed ridiculous distinctions of that sort. The Apollo! Oh Moses!

OUR NEW PLAY.

As there appears to be a general desire through the country, expressed in many papers, to learn something of the plot, character, incidents, &c. &c., of our new play—"THE PIRATE HUSBAND, or *The Ensanguined Shirt*," we will gratify the public curiosity by giving the first night's bill, with a short description of the scenery, dresses, decorations, tableau, &c. &c. We made that out before we wrote a line of the play, and can assure the public that it forms the plot and groundwork of the piece. We have labored hard to have as much connection in this piece as is found in the ordinary modern dramas, and no more.

THEATRE.

Unprecedented, Unparalleled, and Unheard-of Attraction!

☞ First night of the "ENSANGUINED SHIRT!!"

☞ First appearance of HIGH P. RANTER, who is engaged for *Six Nights only!* and cannot possibly be re-engaged, on account of sickness in the family.

☞ THREE TERRIFIC SINGLE COMBATS!!!
☞ FOUR do DOUBLE do.

☞ First appearance of Miss F. RANTER, since her recovery from the Whooping Cough.

☞ First night of the *Real Earthquake!!*

Grand Fancy Break-Down on a Cellar-Door!
by Miss S. SWIPES..

First and only appearance of ☞ Mrs. H. P. RANTER.

☞ No postponement on account of weather.

☞ First night of the *Grand Bear Dance!*

*** The public is most respectfully informed that this piece has been got up without regard to expense, weather, or anything else. An amount of property has been invested in properties, which frightens the manager, and will astonish the public. Among other things which have been procured expressly for this piece are, Four Hundred *Streaks of Lightning!* with Thunder to match—Three Hundred *Alligator-Skin Shields!* with brass buckles and knobs!—Three Hundred suits of complete double-milled *Iron Armor!* twilled—(The warp of these suits is of three-inch wagon-tire, and the filling of railroad iron.)—Three Thousand Pounds of Flour of Sulphur, carefully put up in doses for grown persons!—Eight Hhds. of Brandreth's Pills, in case of sickness!—Nine cartloads of Brimstone!—One cargo of German toys!—Forty-eight Gallons of Red Paint for the Pirates!—Three Barrels of Lampblack, and Two cords of Burnt Cork for the Imps and Devils!—Three Hundred "Fifteen Gallon" measures as goblets!—with many other articles too tedious to mention.

☞ For particulars, see small bills.

Previous to the Play, the
Grand Overture to the Ensanguined Shirt!!!!
Composed by SIGNOR GAMBOGE.

THIS EVENING
Willl be presented, first time in this or any other country, the
Grand Domestic, Comic, Tragic, Melo-Dramatic,
Operatic, Systematic, Democratic, and
Emblematic Piece, entitled
THE PIRATE HUSBAND!!!!!
OR
THE ENSANGUINED SHIRT!

JULIUS FEROCIOUS	Mr. H. PRESSURE RANTER.
PRINCE DARKNESS	LIGHT!
SAM POSSUM	GUM!!
JACK JACKALL	FOX!!!
ROARING RUBE	BLOWER!!!!
FIGHTING SI	ROARER!!!!!
SQUIRE NAB	GRUNTER!!!!!!
J. FEROCIOUS, JR.	Miss F. RANTER!
DONNA FEROCIOUS	Mrs. H. PRESSURE RANTER.
PATSEY	Miss SUSAN SWIPES.

Brigands, Spirits, Loafers, Dancers, &c. &c., by the members of the company.

Description of Principal Scenery, Incidents, &c.

ACT I.—*Scene I.*—A wild and desert waste, here and there a few black jacks and stinted sumac trees—Distant music—Triumphant entry of Julius Ferocious and all the Ferociouses, clad in complete armor—Opening chorus, "*See the Fierce Ferocious Comes!*". *Scene II.*—A Subterranean Retreat, lit up by one solitary tallow candle; on one side may be seen indistinctly, a chained hyena, surrounded by a post and rail fence, opposite, a small country tavern with a swing sign, on which is painted "Beer at three cents a glass, cakes gratis;" three or four figures are seen entering the house. *Scene III.*—Interior of the Tavern. A row kicked up, which ends in a grand knock down and drag out all round.

ACT II.—*Scene I.*—A Forest—Sam Possum discovered up a gum tree, a coon quietly reposing in an adjacent hollow—A brigand seen walking stealthily about—*Air*, "You don't catch dis child easy," *Sam.* Scene changes to a yard back of the tavern, with a clothes-line, on which is seen a solitary shirt, fluttering in the breeze. *Scene III.*—Terrible Storm, with thunder, lightning, hail, rain, sleet, snow, and pitchforks. All sorts of spirits seen fluttering about, black and grey, whiskey and gin, mingled and well stirred. Act ends with a terrific tableau, including the Bear Dance!!—[For list of killed and wounded, see official returns.]

ACT III.—*Scene I.*—The Pirate's Den by Moonlight—the entire Gang enter to Julius Ferocious's Grand Tramp March (first time)—Grand Plot laid for the murder of Sam Possum—Roaring Rube and Fighting Si start to execute it. *Scene II.*—A Garret, with one square of glass broke out, and a hat stuffed in—Possum caught napping—Nineteen groans—Possum murdered—Flight of the murderers!—Song, "I saw you at it," *Patsey*—Discovery of Possum's shirt, covered with blood, and arrest of Fighting Si and Roaring Rube. *Scene Last.*—Interior of Justice's Office—Squire Nab discovered looking over a comic almanac—The murderers brought before him—Patsey swears the shirt to be Possum's—Sudden rush—Nab's office surrounded on all sides by the Brigands—the murderers about to be rescued, when an awful and

☞ TERRIFIC EARTHQUAKE!! ☜

Bottled in 1827, swallows the whole concern, and the curtain falls on a scene of general devastation!!!

Previous to which the farce of
A NEW WAY TO CATCH GUDGEONS!

The performance will end precisely at 12 o'clock, midnight. Any balance which may be left unplayed this evening, will be brought out to-morrow night as a farce.

Doors open at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Performance to commence when the house is filled.

☞ In consequence of the immense applause which *must* attend the representation of the new piece *last* night, it will be repeated every night until further notice.

☞ Those in the habit of crying freely, are requested to take the lower tier seats, where the tears will run off, and no danger of wet feet.

☞ Peanuts and smoking will be allowed at the request of several families.
New Orleans Picayune.

LETTER FROM "OLD MENTOR."

FRIEND P.—I am endeavoring to call together a supply of my best words, wherewith to clothe a few of my "most ancient and fishlike" ideas; but, in truth, I begin to find the task I have set myself not so easy. My youngest boy, JOSEPHUS MENTOR, being my youngest and last, is somewhat spoiled, and he insists upon making a steamboat out of my sheet of paper; then the prospect from my window is equally distracting. My friend old W——f has a great many negroes, and he exacts from them a periodical wash of all their garments. The large garden is now from side to side strung with lines, and the lines are hung with coats, pantaloons, stockings, jackets, frocks, smocks, &c., and the wind is bobbing them about for all the world as if they were going through a contra dance. The effect is ridiculous in the extreme, and wants nothing but moonlight to invest it with the grace of a fairy frolic. There is one pair of long stockings cutting most laughable pigeon-wings, and a pair of pantaloons opposite are actually throwing somersets of delight. Josephus has looked at me laughing, until he considers himself in duty bouud to follow suit, though he seems a little dubious about the cause.

We carried off the 22d of Feb. in a style which has exceeded anything we have yet accomplished in the festival way. All the military, the engine companies, the societies, &c., came out and formed a very imposing display. Gen. GAINES came over from New Orleans to be our "bright particular." In the evening we had the Typographical Dinner—the great Military Ball at the Alhambra—the greatest house at the theatre ever known in the Mobile annals (vide play bills), besides church services and tea parties, all ending in the greatest harmony and good humor.

I have seen at last the great native actor, FORREST; a desire I have cherished for some years is gratified. I expect you will laugh at an old man's criticism; but no matter—here goes.

Hamlet.—Whatever argument there may be touching Hamlet's real or feigned madness, there can be no question that his scene with Ophelia is one of violent excitement. *He loved Ophelia*, yet he has just discovered an example of female perfidy—hideous wickedness in the very creature of all others in whom a man most looks for virtue and honor—in his mother. He "loved Ophelia!" yet he has just looked upon his murdered father's ghost, and he is sworn to do a deed of solemn vengeance. He is sworn to wipe from the tablets of his memory all *fond records*. And yet he loves Ophelia. Ophelia appears before him when he is musing on self-destruction—he loves her, yet his dreadful discovery just made, to say nothing of his station as royal heir, where he cannot "carve for himself," bids him banish her for ever from his thoughts. He does so, or at least, makes the attempt—he bids her "to a nunnery!" Could human nature do such a thing calmly? No.

"Old as I am I know what passion is!"

and, with "such a motive and a cue for passion," if Hamlet is not really mad, I maintain, mark me ye young and learned critics, I maintain he should at least be in a young phrenzy—a "whirlwind of passion." And when the young Prince talked about giving such a thing a *dramatic* "smoothness," depend upon it he did'nt mean a colloquial calmness. Mr. Forrest played the scene with Ophelia in the same tone, gesture, and manner that he used in delivering the advice to the players. I did'nt like it.

The little *Government-Street Theatre*, by the bye, is doing a most flourishing business, and LUDLOW & SMITH are rapidly surmounting the little check they met with in the burning of the large theatre.

J. M. FIELD is going to the east with "*Victoria.*"

Mr. FIELD is dramatising *Oliver Twist*. Your agent, Tom Leefe, is drawing out the tail of your subscription list.

That *shooting star*, BOOTH, was here the other day, and was gone again like the fabric of a vision.

We've had charming music lately—two or three fires, a row among the carpenters, firemen in arms, soldiers in pumps, &c. &c.

There is a grand tableau among the pantaloons and petticoats. The wind has died away, and my fairy dancers have all taken attitudes a la corps de ballet.

Respectfully, OLD MENTOR.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.—The following is a copy, verbatim et literatim, of a letter written yesterday by a boy who is confined in our Bridewell (Bristol) on a charge of having been concerned with another in robbing a druggist, at Trowbridge, of some bottles of musk:—"Richard Willcox, wear in bristol purson to fryday than wear be tolk out a gane—mother yougo doun to dyars in tha churchyourdandtelem that i ad two of th bott elsand tritobaget of formeyandiwil neverdoetnomor—andiwilcomhom godounmothersquickasyucand andyuceiwilneverarken toen Richard Willcox—Trobrige." For the information of our readers, we add the following translation:—Richard Willcox, we are in Bristol prison till Friday; then we are to be took out again. Mother, you go down to Dyer's, in the churchyard, and tell him that I had two of the bottles, and try to beg it off for me, and I will never do it no more, and I will come home. Go down, mother, as quick as you can, and you see I will never hearken to him.

BARNABY RUDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

Proving that preparations for fashionable society are often superseded by grave reflections, and that money *is* a *circulating* medium.

Rhinoceros Rudge was waxing tired of "forking out;" the more so, as he did not see over clearly how his son and himself were to be benefitted, and although he affected a large portion of contempt for the "big wigs," there lurked beneath the generous outporings of his coffers a desire, a wish, a hope, an expectation, that when his darling was fairly established in the "Beau Monde," he would, as a matter of course, introduce his papa.

When the fifteenth *cool* hundred was solicited, the old man demurred.

"Why, father," said Barnaby, "it's all right."

"What's all right?"

"In two months I am to marry an heiress with four thousand a-year; you can't stop short now, you know."

"Why, no, but—but—I should like to see into these here matters a bit myself. I say, Barnaby, could'nt you take us with you to some of these grand *putty soopys?*"

Barnaby was a little staggered at the suggestion, but seeing that acquiescence was the only chance of "ways and means," he affectionately promised to indulge the paternal wish, as soon as the tailor could render the "old cock" presentable.

Diedrich Dreckhosen, a fashionable German *artiste*, residing in Regent street, was immediately sent for; he arrived in his own carriage, to the great astonishment of the household and neighbors, and took measure of Rhinoceros for a *tip-top* suit, which he promised to furnish by the following evening. The coat was to be light brown velvet; the waistcoat, pea green merino; and the knee tights, amber satin; all parties voted for knee tights, as it would give an opportunity of displaying an admirable *calf*. No lady ever waited for the hour of her first presentation at court with more anxiety and impatience, than did the butcher for his initiation. He was much flurried during the day, and when the housemaid announced that the "tailor things" were come, the blood rushed into his face for a moment, which gave him the appearance of a man blushing for his folly, without the resolution to pause. He went to his chamber, and commenced operations. Barnaby was soon *toiletted*, and waited in the parlor for his metamorphosed sire. An hour elapsed—two—old Rudge appeared not. Barnaby went up stairs, and tapped at the door—no answer; knocked loudly—no reply; thumped and kicked at the panels—all was silent; broke open the door, and found his father——a corpse!

* * * * * *

Our hero did not feel as he ought, on the melancholy occasion; he looked blank, and managed to squeeze out a tear or two, which were soon dried up by the scorching rays of the "three per cents." In some of his sprees with the Frenchman and his associates, he would declare, with no great stretch of filial piety, that people who are rich and have grown children, ought not to live above 50 years, observing that "they ought to toddle off, to make room for the young 'uns." Well, old Rhino *did* "toddle off," and the Sunday after the "toddling" was fixed upon, to screw him down comfortably. The day arrived, as all other anticipated days do, and brought with it all the attendant blackness and black attendants. The mutes, the undertaker, the friends, the port wine, the parson, the clerk, the cake, and orphan'd Barnaby, all looked as black as Erebus. It was a funeral feast; one fourth of the company were dead drunk, another lachrymally so; the rest, with the exception of the Minister and his *parrot*, were suspiciously jolly. The chief mourner's situation was——pause we, it would be unfair to attack him in his hour of grief; he seemed quite *overwhelmed*, and was carried into the black coach by the mutes. In Stepney churchyard, alongside of "old Sal," the body was deposited and left; the *now Mr.* Rudge was accompanied on his return home by the entire party, who, having performed their last duties to the *cold remains* of their friend in the burial-ground, deemed it no supererogation to do the like at his late residence, so far as the ham, chicken, and round of beef were concerned. The will was soon proved at Doctor's Commons, and the probate taken out, which gave Barnaby sole possession of a handsome property. He sold the furniture, plate, &c., pocketed what he called the *pewter*, and took lodgings at No. 894 Piccadilly. It was soon known that a well-plumed pigeon had winged his flight westward, and in the course of the week, no less than one hundred and twenty-three cards, and sixteen messages, from *gentlemen* who could not at that precise moment spare the cash to pay for the engraving of a card, were left at his apartments. Mr. Barnaby Rudge was soon on friendly terms, on intimate terms, on familiar terms with a half dozen Lordlings, and as many Honorables (!); they signified their patronage by calling him Barny—Barnabus—St. Barnabus—Rudge, my boy—or Rudge, my tight 'un, according to circumstances, or the quantity of Burgundy he had poured down their Lordly and Right-Honorable gullets. It was very delightful, and he discovered, what no one else could, viz. that he had genius; his flashes of *Eastern* wit (not Asiatic), were roared at, and his back and shoulders were absolutely sore from the infliction of numerous approbatory slaps and punches by the Aristocratic 'Grecks.

Lord Augustus Fitzlollipop proposed to introduce Mr. Rudge at Crockford's, Lord Cardmark seconded the motion, and Count Orstail declared that it was "von dam good move." In a few days our hero received a letter informing him that he had been unanimously elected a member of the great Pandemonium. The result cannot be doubted. His means, on entering his new career, amounted to Twenty-seven Thousand Pounds; in three weeks he spent a couple of the twenty-seven. He made his debut in St. James' street, and five days afterwards he was without a sovereign. He had been washed up—cleaned out—swamped, and had now to undergo the "*cut direct*" from his friends the Burgundy drinkers. He met Lord Fitzlollipop and spoke to him—"*not-the pleasure*" drawled out the noble sponge, and passed on. He next *encountered* Count Orstail, to whom he merely ventured to bow, as he naturally felt himself a peg or two lower. The foreign blackleg stared at him with affected disgust, twirled his *moustache*, twisted his nose into divers shapes, till it assumed the absolute "turn up," and swaggered off at an accelerated pace, exclaiming, "Bah! Polisson!"

Poor Rudge (we begin to pity him) could stand no more of this, and not having those delicate feelings which would possess any other individual similarly placed, he resolved to adopt a plan of his own. He buttoned his coat, took off his gloves, strutted boldly along St. James' street, and when Lord Cardmark came out of Crockford's Barnaby addressed him in the usual manner; the Peer, probably by previous concert with Fitzlollipop, Orstail and others, at first tried to give him the "go by," but it would not do; he made little eyes, and tried the cut oblique; here he was again unsuccessful, for Rudge placed himself so decidedly *en face*, that nothing could be attempted but the thing direct. He did it, and in a second Barnaby seized him by the collar, and bestowed such punishment on his dexter and sinister ogles, (to say nothing of the intervening kicks *a posteriori*,) that his Lordship fell to the ground with his assailant on top of him, and in the struggle, while prostrated in each other's embrace, "cutter and cuttee" rolled promiscuously in the gutter. Several of the *elite* looked on without attempting to interfere, and instead of helping their friend out of the mud, sneaked off to discuss the affair at the billiard table. It was the talk of the day; Lord Cardmark went "to grass" for six weeks, and Crockford declared that no Burgundy had been called for since his Lordship's *gutteral* affection. Crockford *docs* a pun about once in three months!

The victim of fashionable larceny, fancying that he had got some compensation for his twenty-seven thousand pounds, retired to his rooms, made a bonfire of all the cards and pink billets he had received, sent out for a pot of porter, (he thought wine would sour upon his stomach,) swallowed it, and went to bed. He slept—and dreamed—bless us, how he *did* dream. Everything appeared changed—confused—reversed. He saw Lord Fitzlollipop chopping ribs in Whitechapel, and his father playing with dice in St. James'. His mother had come back from her long journey, and was waltzing at Almack's with Orstail—his former neighbors were Taglioning it, and striving for applause by putting themselves in naughty attitudes; he thought he knew them—he was very much perplexed—they had butchers' heads, and bayaderes' legs. All dreams end, and so did this—he awoke with a glorious consciousness that he had, (as the late venerable Lord Eldon remarked in court,) "*played hell and Jemmy with himself*," and he determined, that if he could raise a little money on some unsold shares in the "Scandinavian Sawdust Mining Association," he would go to America, and then, said he, "I can twig the Yankee Doodles."

Six hundred pounds were advanced to him, fifty of which he expended in a small outfit, and repaired to Liverpool to take passage, with the Theatrical line of packets, one of which sail every month for New York. The Grimaldi, Capt. Clownly, was on the eve of departure; Rudge paid thirty-five guineas, and in a few hours was sailing round the rock on his way to the *other* world. Nothing very remarkable occurred during the transit—two or three gales—two or three calms—two or three passengers continually sick—ditto drunk—two or three rows—two or three love-makings—and two or three other things, at last two or three pilot-boats hove in sight, and the passengers were informed by Capt. Clownly, that in two or three hours they should have a glimpse of New York. At five o'clock they landed, and agreed to have a meeting on the following morning, to subscribe for a piece of plate, to be presented to the Captain. Barnaby took up his abode at a hotel of colossal magnitude, called the Astor House, built by a benevolent old gentleman of German extraction; he has placed it in the hands of trustees, to be let as a hotel for twenty years, and then to be presented to the Corporation, to be used as a Lying-in Hospital for unmarried females, on the same principle as the one founded in London by the late Queen Charlotte, who became horrified at the frequency of child murder.

The meeting "on the plate" was numerously attended, the great debate was, whether it should be a cigar-tube or a tooth-pick, high words arose, and many eloquent speeches were delivered; the case was long doubtful, when a gentleman from Lake Otqueandageghta declared that toothpicks were more in use than cigar-tubes, in the proportion of twenty to one, and exhorted the passengers to convince themselves by walking past the steps of the most fashionable hotels in the city, about fifteen minutes after the dinner-bell had rung. This decided the affair, and a committee was appointed to make the purchase, frame a letter, and do the other needfuls. All was concluded *secundum artem*, there was no great want of precedents. The following is a copy of the correspondence:—

To Capt. Clownly, of the packet ship Grimaldi:

We the undersigned, passengers in your last voyage to this port, request you will tender our best thanks to your owners for the polite manner in which they received thirty-five guineas from each of us. To yourself, we are at a loss how to find words sufficiently powerful to express our gratitude for giving us plenty to eat and drink—for not drowning us *en masse*, or running the ship ashore on some desolate island. We pray you to accept the accompanying tooth-pick as a mark of our admiration, and remain &c. &c. &c.

[Here follow forty signatures.]

To the passengers on board the Grimaldi:

I thank you from my heart for your liberal conduct, and am very glad you decided to vary the present, as since I have been in the "line," I have had eighteen pairs of silver spurs presented to me. God bless you all. C. Clownly.

We will say little of New York, for as Barnaby Rudge kept a journal, we shall allow him to speak for himself. *Le voila.*—[To be continued.]

THE CHASE.

FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."—BY F. L. WADDELL.

High on a hill-side's dizzy crag,
While angling in the Kallicoon,
A hunter spied a lordly stag,
In the sweet summer month of June,
Gazing upon the scene below,
In all the pomp of forest show.
Tho' honor lured him from the prey,
(It was the sportsman's holliday,)
And feeling sad at heart to slay
The stately monarch of the wood,
As he in regal glory stood,
Thron'd on the towering pallisade,
Nor fearing danger from the glade,
Whose silent shades had never woke
To music of the woodman's stroke;
Sure mark for an unerring aim,
No more the trout attention claim,
His soul's on fire to hunt the game!
O! 'twas a rich and splendid scene,
That made the hunter's pulse beat high!
The stag above the steep ravine
Tossing his antlers in the sky!
The silvery streamlet laughing by,
All festooned by a sylvan screen,
Whose blossomings of ev'ry hue,
Over the wave their fragrance threw.
His crouching hounds, with eager eyes,
Anticipate the distant prize;
A moment brush the banks around,
At last the burning scent is found,
Then onward leap with savage bound:
While, stealthily through the winding glade,
Their master steals in ambuscade,
'Till, driven from his mountain zone,
The forest king at bay is thrown.
Snuffing the breath of early morn,
O'er valley blushing, ridge, and plain,
Defying, with a front of scorn,
Th' intruder on his wild domain;
The stag upon the breezy hill,
Unused to trouble or alarm,
Amid his woodlands deep and still,
Unconscious of approaching harm,
Now turned, till pealing up the dell,
The hungry hounds' terrific yell
Upon his startled senses fell.
Awakened from his dreamy trance,
The quick deer scents the tainted breeze;
His rolling eye, with lightning glance,
Kens the relentless dogs' advance,
Through the long vista of the trees.
Roused by the thought of danger nigh,
The fierce hounds closing on his track,
Well knew the stag 'twas time to fly,
When rang the deathful rifle's crack,
Whizzing its fatal warnings near,
To urge him on his fleet career!
Swifter than bullet from the gun,
It was his tell-tale fate to shun,
His slim form trembling with the shock,
Springing on high he clears the rock;
Quick as an eagle cleaves the cloud,
Darts 'mid the forest's leafy shroud;
As sweep the foe his regal place,
Howling and tearing on the chase.
Familiar with each deep recess,
Skirting the lonely wilderness,
The pathways through the hemlocks tall,
Or deer-licks by the water-fall;
Where spreads the stream its basin wide,
Below the cascade's silver slide;
Where the sleek herd at eve resort,
To flirt and drink the waters cool,
The queenly doe to hold her court,
Or with her nimble train to sport
And gambol in the crystal pool.
There would the stag the streamlet gain,
To throw the fierce hounds off the scent,
The sweat pours down his flanks like rain,
Aye, he must every sinew strain,
For they are on his life-blood bent.
Suspecting, to his crafty way,
Cautious the hunter creeps away,
In ambush sly once more to lay,
And slake his hot thirst in the spray.
For many a long and dreary mile,
The buck bears on in gallant style,
Circling the streamlet's laurel edge,
Or running by its sloping ledge,
'Long groves of maple, beach, and pine,
Thick shaded by the darkling vine—
Through aspen alleys on they rush,
The nestling of the partridge crush;
The bark-tents of the beaver stir,
Sheltered beneath the balsam fir;
The echoes of the glades arouse
Where long ago he used to browse,
Free as the wind—a fawn at play,
And now a hunted stag at bay.
Alas! no covert can he see,
To escape his ruthless destiny!
Soon doubles he the craggy steep,
Adown whose cleft the waters leap.
Oh! wearily and faint, he feels
The stern pursuers on his heels,
And one has fastened on his flank,
The current of his veins has drank!
His knees with long exhaustion bend,
Scarcely can they the slope ascend:
Yet, tho' his limbs with toil are stiff,
Strength has he still to toss the hound.
Urged by despair, he mounts the cliff,
Hope nerving strong his fatal bound,
Again the hollow bluffs resound.
Reeling in air, the graceful stag
Feels in his heart the rifle ball,
Alive when leaping from the crag,
Dies ere he touch'd the water-fall.
When on the ridge the hunter stood,
And viewed the monarch of the wood,
The red stream, oozing from his side,
Encrimsoning the limpid tide,
The lofty antlers rudely torn
From his imperial brow of scorn.
The sportsman, sorrowing, turned away,
And called his tired hounds from the prey

JACOB TWIGG IN LONDON.

Mr. Twigg's introduction in public—his character of himself—and how he gets mystified in a London fog.

In joining your list of contributors, may I be allowed the usual privilege of saying something of myself. I must desire to be considered as an extremely modest, unassuming sort of man—with no pretensions to scholarship, nor uncommon good qualities—possessing but little knowledge of the world, though ambitious to acquire it—merely blessed with tolerably fair parts, passably good looks, and withal a bachelor—being a man of leisure, I may be said to have no business in this world, unless, indeed, to make myself useful and agreeable; how far I shall succeed, we may see in future.

I always feel stiff and awkward on a new introduction—the allow mes—the Miss Simper and the Mister Twigg—the formal recognition—the suffusion on her part, and confusion on mine, altogether fill a nervous man like myself with feelings of undisguised dismay. Though previously in mind of many pretty things, I am taken completely aback from having nothing to say, except—delightful exception—I stammer out a dissertation on the weather; the buckram then wears off, and I get along charmingly.

Now I am placed at this moment in a like dilemma. I really do not recollect one thing to speak about, but with the skill of a veteran under such circumstances, I shall struggle manfully with the only resource now at command. So good morning, Mister Editor—good morning, fair readers—a good morning to all; what a disagreeable climate this is, to be sure—one day foggy, one day snowy one day rainy; then, by way of change, one day snowy, one day rainy, and the next day foggy.

Were you ever in a London fog—had you ever the happiness to enjoy that, misery? I have, and mean to recount its pleasures. I got up one morning lighted by candle, that is, there was one in the room, but where its position might be, I had difficulty in discovering. So, after my usual breakfast of Scotch haddies, muffins, and coffee, out I sallied on the exploring expedition. Bless me, what a sight it was—sight, indeed! I saw nothing, nor heard nothing—all was chaos—a mass of dark, yellowish, blueish, vaporish looking smoke—a-lack-aday, thinks I, it's all night with us here. I thought I must be alone—the last man—the world seemed unsociable—I didn't like the looks of things—the atmosphere seemed sulky, and out of humor. I hated the air of its hang, and was just soliloquizing, when oh! I got a poke from some unseen obstacle, "Asks pardon," said the something, "did my umbrella 'it you? it can't hurt you, sir, cos my vife tied a pennorth o' vool on the pint. Ve calls it the anti-inconweniancer, so I bids you a good mornin'." Well, thinks I, if this aint the march of improvement—a regular patent life-preserver.

As I proceeded, groping my way, I got into more busy neighborhoods; here and there a gas lamp was glimmering above me, or rather trying to do so; for it appeared more like the resemblance of a shadow, than any veritable reality. How dark it is, thinks I, again beginning to ruminate—they use fogmaticals in America, what does this deserve—"Demnition," squeaked the voice of some animate object beside me, "dem it, some ra-a-scally prig has vithdrawn my new kembric henkerchief out of my pocket, and my cane has followed it while looking about me; they're just missed." Gracious alive, thought I, canes and handkerchiefs turning to mist; what may I be changed into?

I thought I knew my way clear now, and was pacing along in great confidence, at least, at a turtle trot; but on turning round a sharp corner, bless me! if I didn't run right into the arms of a monstrous big fat woman. She had but just time to cry out "Lor," and down she was lowered in the gutter; what a rebound! but I couldn't see it—the whole was impenetrable, and I saw nothing; however, her squalling soon brought me to her aid, and I assisted her up with my characteristic gallantry.

I now began to think I was a devoted man—that to-day's luck was unlucky—confound it, I exclaimed, as I looked up and saw the dark abyss, what a picture of nothingness, painted in water colors; a fig for it, I don't fancy the prospect; I wouldn't give a straw for such a Laize as this—I detest that ere—if I stand it, may I be——hush! a rumbling, distant noise attracted my ear—it apparently increased, but still continued its softened, distant sound; I peered through the thick gloom, and fancied the vapor was slightly agitated by some conflicting obstacle. "Holloa," cried I,—"holloa," re-echoed back again.—"Who are you?" shouted Twigg.—"The Bank and Charing Cross; room for one, sir," returned the hailers, and a pair of link-boys came over in search of me; by their guidance, *hand in hand, in linked sweetness*, I reached the omnibus, and was fairly launched on our perilous voyage—such bawling and hailing! "Will you light here?" said the cad to something with arms and legs beside me. "Yea," said the invisible, and he was lighted *de facto*. We had but just started again, when heavens! what a crash; our coachman was driving us through a window—panes and trouble—steered from that among a hack-*stand*, and put *it* into a *stir*—backed out of that, and nearly into an arcade—horses down, link-boys under them, and we poor inmates frightened to death. I scrambled out the best way I could, giving a final salutation to the 'buss, and by dint of the faculty of touch, with no ill feeling, reached the wall. I was almost desperate, and rushed madly onwards; what's that! ah me, to tell it—no more I won't do such a thing, but she said Sirrah, and I said Madam; the matter ended by me unwinding myself, somehow or other; the rest is clouded in mystery.

I had just recovered myself, and was moving on famously again; splut-splutter, a torch poured its oily stream on me and my new pilot-cloth coat. I turned around to enquire the cause of such rudeness, and caught a man's hand in my pocket—he apologised meekly, and ascribed the accident to the darkness. I *had* to accept his explanation. I now thought I was at the corner of the street, and would turn up—and I *did* turn up accordingly, heels over head into a basement. When I regained my ascendancy, I fancied I would see my way clearer; the thought amused me. Aye, here is the corner—this is my street—horror on horrors! I was floundering among the contents of a Fish-monger's window.

Your very humble servant, Jacob Twigg.

Garret-lodge, City-road, November, 1838.

THE DEAD MAN'S RACE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY W. JERDAN.

"What is Christmas without a snow-storm?"

Some years ago a happy party were assembled at the hospitable mansion of a "fine old English gentleman," keeping their Christmas holiday, as it should be kept, round a huge Yule log, with wine and wassail, and jest and song; and good humor beamed on every face. Their cheer had been of the best; and fun and frolic had kept their spirits at high thermometer pitch in spite of the cold without; the glass got up in defiance of all weather.

Game succeeded game,—hunt the slipper,—cross-purposes (the only cross of the entertainment),—snap-dragon,—blindman's-buff,—forfeits,—till all were abandoned through pure fatigue, and they again took their seats for a respite, observing grade and station,—master, visitors, family, and servants,—round the great hall-table, when story-telling became the order of the evening.

Night was drawing on, and the hall was lighted only by the blaze of the heaped wood fire, which sparkled and crackled as if rejoicing at the merry faces around it and partaking in the jollity. It seemed to say, *how comfortable do I make you all!*—and so it did; for a heavy snow-storm was raging on the outside as if to cause its value to be more highly appreciated within.

The host—old Marmaduke Walton, surnamed "The Squire"—not only by the peasantry on his estate, but all the country round—was ensconced in his easy chair at the head of the ancient oak-board; and a prodigious bowl of bishop was smoking before him, out of which he ladled the generous liquor into horn goblets, in capacity emulous of tankards, for the joyous throng ranging at each side. This duty done, and the toast of the season given, he sang a stave by way of example, and lustily called for tale or song, or something for the general amusement, all round in succession; hinting at salt and water for defaulters t

e festive contribution. What with the wish to please, and the fear to offend, ne followed another without interruption in the prescribed task.

We have noticed that it was the "gloaming," the indescribable space of time before the bringing of lights; the time when ghosts and goblins, and serious ideas always run in the head (especially if merry-making), and the fall of snow did not tend to repress such notions on the present occasion. It was under such circumstances and feelings that our host told his story—a story of wonder and dread. Listen.

THE DEAD MAN'S RACE.

In the early part of March, Anno Domini 16—, a wealthy farmer was wending his way upon his jaded horse over a wild moor where not a tree grew, and the very soil was so poor, that even the worms died on it. Here and there a solitary bird might be seen pecking at a piece of withered fern, which it quickly left and flew away, surely to seek some more productive solitude. The sun had set behind the dreary swamp which stretched towards the west, yet still the farmer journeyed on in the hope of reaching his home soon after the midnight hour. He had been at a large cattle fair, where he was unsuccessful in his speculations, and had drunk too freely, in order to solace his vexation. A worthy thief (for even so long ago there were thieves at fairs and markets) observing his condition, had robbed him before quitting the town; but with matchless humanity, more than belongs to thieves in these degenerate days, had left him enough of cash to carry him home, the sum, nevertheless, being in copper and wondrous small, and, as it happened, in his great-coat pocket. Thus harassed in mind and body, he had started alone on his path, and was now in the midst of this lonely moor, where no house nor living creature (except the birds I have told you of) were seen to lighten the dreariness of his solitary ride. He had gone too far to return, and in very heaviness of heart he still went on.

The darkness rapidly increased, and the poor traveller, wearied with his laborious course, could hardly discern how to pick his way along little more than a summer sheep-track, worn by winter and obliterated by disuse; or the chance route of unfrequent pedestrians, with a savage waste upon every side. He became dreadfully excited, and urged his tired beast by whip and spur to its utmost speed. This lasted some time, when his eager eyes were blessed with the sight of a hut at a short distance, the door of which he quickly reached, and loudly rapped with the butt of his riding-whip. He rapped again and again, but still no answer was returned:—he rapped again and again, but still no voice replied. Impatiently he lifted the latch, and entered without a bidding. It was so dark that he could not distinguish objects, and fire nor light were there to help him. Yet it seemed to be a place of desolation. He felt around the bare walls, and nothing met his grasp. He groped his airy way towards the centre, and all was blank and unfurnished. At last he stumbled over something: he thought it was a truckle bed or some chest of clothes cast down upon the chilly ground. At this moment the moon, long hidden by the gloomy clouds, rose suddenly from behind her murky veil, and, glimmering through the broken roof, a ray fell on the countenance of a Dead Man lying in a common poor-house coffin, the lid of which lay by its side upon the floor. This corpse was the only tenant of the dismal hut; that coffin its only furniture.

With a single glance at its livid face the farmer rushed out, seized his horse's mane, leapt upon his back, and in an instant was galloping away, as if riding for his soul at Doncaster or Newmarket. Alack! he galloped in vain. In the midst of the clattering of his horse's hoofs, he heard the sound as of wheels rolling close behind him. He paused, and darted a glance round, hoping against hope that relief might be nearer than he dared to think. What horror! he saw the Dead Man's coffin rattling in his rear, apparently mounted on wheels and urged on by some demon of hell. A cold and deathlike sweat broke out on his body and limbs,—his hat was wet with the moisture of his brow, yet his temples burned like fire: in vain he tried to quicken his pace; his blood curdled, and he heard the fiend laughing at his misery.

If he, in utter despair, went slow, the mounted coffin went slow; if he stumbled over any obstacle, the fiend stumbled too. At last human nature could endure no more. He stopped—he stopped, and the Dead Man's carriage rattled up to his side. Again he started off in agony as fast as his steed would go. but still the coffin kept its course, going with him whithersoever he went. He madly turned towards it, and the moonbeam still glimmered on the face of its unearthly occupant. This was too much; and he fell senseless from his horse.

Next morning he was found by some laborers and carried to his home; but his reason was gone, and in his ravings he disclosed this awful story. He grew worse and worse, and within a week was *in his coffin*. Many thought the drink and excitement had made him fancy this vision: but many believed in the DEAD MAN'S RACE.

That night nobody would leave Walton Hall, and it was whispered that the maids were all so frightened, that not one of them would sleep alone:—perhaps they slept with each other. Bentley's Miscellany.

Salmagundi.

Lawyer W. while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, "of all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow, would be going about town in such nights as this and *getting into bed for folks*."

"Marm, mayn't I go and play horse to-day?" "No, child, you must stay in the house." "Now, look here, marm, if you don't let me, I'll go and catch the measles: I know a big boy that's got 'em prime!"

A termagant told her spouse that she believed he was related to the devil; "only by marriage" was his reply.

A gentleman met a sick friend in the street. "Ah," said he, "you walk slow!" "Yes, but I'm going fast."

A young Amorose at a political festival gave the following toast: "*The Ladies*. We admire them, because of their beauty: respect them, because of their virtue: adore them, because of their intelligence: and love them, because *we can't help it*."

"John, my dear, you must never run when coming from school." "No marm, I does'nt, I walked all the way, but my *nose run* every step."

No Proof of Respectability.—A young woman brought before the Boston Police, alleged in defence of her respectability that she was acquainted with "all the lawyers in New York." She was instantly committed for six months.

"We are in the midst of a revolution," as the man said when he was caught in the fly-wheel of a steamboat.

☞ The late storm bids fair to become as celebrated as Stelbelt's *L'Orage*. In the region of Georgia report says the whirlwind took up three men at the shortest notice, and carried them several hundred yards—baggage, we presume, being at the risk of the owners. A Sub-Treasurer might have taken a lesson in rapid travelling from this fact. Every editor at the North has his paper filled with accounts of the gale. They seem to consider it quite a *wind*-fall. Picayune.

A Frank Confession.—Dr. Barthiez, a French physician, who effected many wonderful cures, had no faith in his profession. He said that physicians were like blind men with sticks, with which they struck at the patient and his disease, and so much the better for the patient if they hit the malady instead of himself.

A good one.—"High-heeled boots and a strut, is, to my mind's eye the plainest sign-board in the world, hung out in capitals—"Chambers in the attic to let, Inquire at the tailor's."—[Appletree Pilpot Esq.]

How to get rid of your corns.—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let three or four hungry mice nibble them for a night or two. If the mice will do their duty, the remedy will be efficient.

One way of getting off.—It takes a Yankee to get himself out of a scrape with "flying colors," as the following will show. We find something like it going the rounds of the papers.

"Shan't I see you hum from singin' skull to-night, Jerushy?"

"No, you shan't do no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben.

"P'raps you didn't exactly understand what I said!" continued Reuben, drily.

"Yes I did. You asked me if you mightn't see me hum."

"Wy, no I didn't—I only asked you *how your marm was!*" Picayune.

A Western editor apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper at the regular time, by saying, "my wife told me to stay at home and take care of the children while she went to camp meeting!" A very peaceably disposed individual this same editor.

A busy fellow.—There is an editor down east who is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children. New Era.

This is not all—he owns a schooner, and came up to Boston with a cargo of potatoes and onions, last fall, raised by himself, and gave notice to his subscribers, when he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend upon the wind—atmospherical and financial, we suppose. Boston Morning Post.

Ruling Passion.—The New Yorker tells an anecdote of a famous punster in Boston by the name of Sigourney. As he was expiring in the presence of his doctor, a servant entered and called the physician out, saying in a low voice, "a man has fallen down the well;" but Sigourney overhearing the appalling information, inquired with a scarce audible whisper, "I say, Doctor, did he kick the bucket."

This reminds us of a case somewhat similar which occurred in this city some years since. One of our greatest wags—still alive, and long may he live—was violently ill with a fever. A physician who went upon the "whole hog" principle of giving the entire contents of a drug shop at a dose, recommended that he should be cupped in the forehead, a blister applied to each of his ankles and wrists, that he should be also cupped on the breast, and a large mustard plaster applied, and as a finisher that he should take thirty-five or forty grains of calomel, followed by a dose of castor oil. The joker knew well enough about medicine and its effects to know that the doctor was little experienced in the use of it. Turning an enquiring and rather waggish look towards him, he said,

"Doctor, do you really think I must take every thing you have prescribed?"

"Certainly."

"Well, while you are about it, *hadn't you better pull a tooth?*" Picayune.

A fish story—strange but true.—We were shown by Dr. Sappington, of this place, on yesterday morning, a *buffalo fish*, about 14 inches in length—"every inch a" fish, with the exception that it had *but one eye, and no mouth*. The place where the other eye and the mouth *should* have been, was entirely closed and cicatrized, thus proving incontestibly, that it had derived its sustenance through the gills alone. The fish was caught in a seine, and, when taken, appeared fully as frisky and life-like as any of its finny brethren. It has, we understand, been preserved in spirits, to be sent to Dr. Troost, Nashville. Memphis [Tenn.] Enquirer, Feb. 19.

An Editor in trouble.—A young lady in Shippensburg has threatened the editor of the Herald with a "licking" the first time she catches him *out*. His anxious mother had better keep him *in*. We would much rather meet fifty men, armed with pistols and Bowie knives, than one of the tender sex of the borough of Shippensburgh when "excited." Picayune.

The Liberality of Love.—In Tristam Shandy, Trim, giving an account of his *beautiful Begune*, who attended him during a fever, and relating the feverish dreams which disturbed his slumbers, says: "I was all night long cutting the world in two, and giving her half!"

"I would advise you as a friend," said Melbourne, "to relinquish the use of that stuff you put upon your whiskers, it will turn them all colors in time." "No," replied Cupid, (Palmerston,) "I am resolved to stand the hazard of the dye."

The Stranger at Home.—It is rumored that Lord Melbourne, on knocking lately at his own door was refused admittance, till the porter, who was absent at the time, on being sent for, recognised the Noble stranger.

Anecdote of her Most Gracious Majesty.—Her Majesty, while pursuing her favorite ride a short time since down the Bayswater road, came suddenly upon the youngest son of Raikes Currie, Esq., a fine little boy of about seven years old, mounted on his favorite pony. On seeing the Queen, the youngster, with more speed and action than his pony relished, took off his hat to salute her. The consequence was that the pony started on one side, and our youthful representative of Lord Chesterfield came off on the other. Seeing his disaster, her Majesty stopped and ordered the pony to be caught for the boy. No way disconcerted by his fall, no sooner was the fine little fellow mounted again in the presence of the Queen, than off went the hat with the most unconquerable politeness, to the no small amusement of her Majesty and suite. So delighted was she with the young gentleman, that having ascertained his name, he received a visit on the following day from Colonel Wemyss, at the express command of her Majesty, who kindly inquired after him, and presented him with a golden medal. London Era

Deer Forests.—The Duke of Richmond has one deer forest on the estate to which he has lately succeeded in Scotland, of 30,000 square acres, and the Marquis of Huntley another still larger. In England, Dukes and Marquisses keep their *deers* in a much smaller space. Age.

Printing and Binding.—When the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, and a man of talent, as Minister to the Congress. "Well," said Dr. Franklin, "I'll *print* the Independence of America, and M. Girard will *bind* it."

Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bed-clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture, unluckily, continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes. A person (who related the story to Horace Walpole,) suddenly going in, saw the two Ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room; while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque character of the scene.

RELATIVE POSITIONS,

BY A REGISTRAR OF BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

A LEGAL QUESTION.

"Don't cry for a slap, if she's angry withdraw,
You know, my *dear child, she's* your mother-in-law."
"Yes, papa, that I know," little Emily said;
"But, dear papa, why was that law ever made?"

A MATERNAL UNCLE'S COMFORT.

"Sharp is spoiling his son; he'll repent it one day;
No boy *can* go right who just has his own way."
"Sharp's a rogue, my dear sir, and his son I would rather
Should have his own way, than the way of his father."

THE MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCE.

Said Pry, "It is plain she is breaking your *heart*"
(When between man and wife mischief-making).
"That's no odds," cried poor Sneak, with his hand to the part,
"'Tis my *head* she is constantly breaking."

LONDON GREEN ROOM GOSSIP.

Her Majesty's passion for lionizing continues undiminished.

Albertazzi is to be the grand card at Drury. Miss Romer has received her demand for *notes*. What a pity that she could not give the *quid pro quo* on Thursday evening in the *finale* of the *Gypsy's Warning!*

By the way, is it altogether right that some men should not be paid for *tricks* which *draw*, when *tricksy* men who *draw* do not perform their deed and covenant? Messrs. Howell and Blamire will perhaps thank us for this notice.

Wieland was refused his shoes by Bunn. The simple remark made by the pantomimist was, "D—— his *sole*."

Madame offered the Cock Salmon *ten pounds* per week to "*cut his stick*," and do his best elsewhere. A cheap and good riddance, say we, and "no mistake."

By the by, how goes on the salaries? The arrival of Madame was most opportune, as Planche says. The difference between £16 per night receipt and £147 certainly is strange.

Bihin the Giant is a very courteous man, as the following anecdote will prove:—Buckstone, the other evening, at Rhodes's very pleasant and well-conducted rooms in Maiden-lane, asked the "Belgian Big-one" to light his cigar. With a degree of affability perfectly astonishing in so high a character, the pigmy of Palestine suddenly lifted the giant of Grub street to the gas-lamp, and told him "to help himself." The laughter was awful. Buck was never so exalted in his life. Age.

More about the Lion.—We are sorry to record an accident that happened to our friend "Billy" the other day. It appears that a change in his apartments took place, and the noble beast had a room assigned him for his sole use and occupation. With a due attention to his health and comfort, a good fire was kept up, and for fear "Billy" should go too near, strong bars of wood protected his approach to the hot bars of iron, and "Billy" was left alone in his glory. Whether "Jack Frost" played any of his pantomime tricks with him or not we cannot say, but his Majesty took the liberty of breaking down the wooden barrier between him and the fire, before which he stretched himself in luxurious ease. On Van Amburgh's entrance, he saluted the sleeping monster with his accustomed "Holloa, Billy!" Up rose the majestic animal at the sound of the well-known voice, and turning round to greet his master, wagged his extended tail into the fire. The roar that he gave shook the iron nerves of even Van Amburgh, and the situation of both parties may be easier imagined than described.

Farren is said to entertain the idea of a visit to the United States, under the impression that he will be deemed the best "cock-salmon" in the Yankee market.

We perceive that young Betty is starring it in the provinces, having resolved to walk in his father's shoes. "Whether his father's shoes will fit him, is the question," pragmatically remarked Planche the other day at the Garrick. "It is to be hoped," observed Tom Cooke, "that his pretensions will not turn out to be all *my eye and Betty*."

We are sorry to hear that some mysterious and very irregular appropriations have recently taken place at the Olympic and Haymarket Theatres. At the former, numerous articles have been suddenly *found missing*, to make use of a common paradox. We have not heard who the chief sufferers are; but it is unfortunately true that Planche lost his great coat, and that the arch widow observed it would have been no great loss if somebody had relieved him of other *bad habits* also!

"Now or never." We should like to know who posted the following upon the looking-glass at Drury:—

Said Duruset, casting a glance
To Bunn within Drury's old walls—
"The farce which is written by '*Dance*,'
Is the best that's adapted for '*Balls*.'"

A good, though unintentional burlesque, on the custom of calling for performers after the close of a piece, occurred lately at the Southampton theatre. At the benefit of a Mr. Bouverie, *The Forest of Bondy; or, the dog of Montargis*, was selected, and the performance of the heroine, Miss Gilbert, was so satisfactory, that the audience were pleased to call for her appearance afterwards. In obedience to the tumult which prevailed, there came forward—not the heroine, but—the dog, led on by his master, who, being fresh from the amphitheatre in the town, naturally conceived that *he*, to wit, the dog, must be the performer who had so strongly excited their admiration. The laughter was prodigious, nor was it diminished when the lady next came forward to receive *her* share of noisy approbation.

It is not often our fate to visit the regions in the East, where the heroes of the sock and buskin most do congregate. We are satisfied with the reports of them which generally appear. The following notice is very interesting:—"The gentleman, whose name we at this moment forget, who played the part of the simpleton, pleases us much; the part seemed quite natural to him." The gentleman who played the simpleton must be quite as well pleased that his name was forgotten.

A new and splendid ballet was produced on the 4th inst. at St. Petersburgh, for the benefit of Taglioni! it is called *La Gitani* (the Gypsey), and got up under the direction of the father of the *danseuse*, who is said to have reaped an unprecedented harvest of profit.

A new Theatre, which, for size and magnificence, is intended to compete with any other in Europe, is about to be built in Dresden, for the performance of opera and ballet.

"It's a pity, Mac," said Tom Cooke to the great tragedian, "that you can't go on without breaking the tenth commandment." "What do you mean?" inquired the manager; "I do not covet my neighbor's wife." "No," replied Tom, "but you know when you are playing to empty benches you always covet your neighbor's house, if you hear that Bunn has got a bumper at Drury."

NEW SERIES OF HANDY ANDY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "RORY O'MORE," "SKETCHES OF IRELAND," ETC.

When the publication of "Bentley's Miscellany" commenced in January, 1837, one of its leading features was the story of "Handy Andy" by LOVER, one of the most eminent writers of Irish songs and sketches of the day. After giving four or five chapters, the story was abruptly terminated, but Mr. Lover has been induced to resume it, and the story is now again in the course of publication, in the popular London Magazine referred to. We gave in the "Spirit of the Times" of 1837, the story as far as published, and shall now continue it to the end; but in order that our readers may better understand the characters introduced we now republish such parts as were previously given, with the first chapter of the New Series from the Miscellany for Jan. 1839. Handy Andy is one of those blundering heroes who are to be met with in all parts of Ireland, and who with the best intentions, from their natural aptitude at blundering, are invariably getting themselves or their employers into scrapes. Andy Rooney, otherwise "Handy Andy," a name given to him for being anything but "handy" in his operations, is described as a blunderer from his cradle. He at last gets promoted to the office of stable boy to the Squire, and finally is admitted as an assistant in the house, where, after divers blunders, such as fetching soap and water for soda water, and hot water to shave, in a bucket instead of a shaving pot, he is sent on a mission by his master to the post office which is thus described:—

"Ride into town and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire, one day to our hero."—"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"—"To the town sir"

"But do you know where to go in the town?"—"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"—"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do when you don't know?"—"Yis, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"—"Yis, sir; where they sell gunpowdher."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's post-master was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember, not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade of groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter and said,

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the post-master was to repeat his request.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impidint questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence!" said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll niver see me agin, if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plinty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known; and he vouched to the postmaster that the account he gave of himself was true. "You may give him the Squire's letter. Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one; "fourpence."

The new-comer paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster. "You've to pay me elevenpence for postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the divil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Delaney a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool."

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to think what you plaze; but don't be delayin' me, now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the post-master, and at last, when he found it impossible to get the common justice for

his master which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire, in the mean time, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sr."

"What do you mean!"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay him what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated! It's not a double letther at all—not above half the size o' one Mr. Delaney got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back, for your life, you omadhaun! and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond."

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistle for each from a parcel of them that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters that lay on the counter; so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap; and, having effected that, waited patiently enough until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the post-master, rattle along the road homeward as fast as his hack could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said—"Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying,

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought you the worth o' your money, any how.'

CHAP. II.

Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the Squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

"Well, by the holy Paul! that's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across," was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the Squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy's blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law agent, on the subject of an expected election in the county which would occur in case of the demise of the then sitting member. It ran thus:—

"Dublin, Thursday.

"MY DEAR SQUIRE,—I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I say the election, because, though the seat for the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man but the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life, that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the meantime I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballyslough-gutthery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard in one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven and earth to send us all to h—ll. He backs the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt, that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honorable Sack-ville Scatterbrain, who sits for the borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county. If Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension,—that's *poz*—I had it from the best authority. I lodge at a milliner's here;—no matter; more when I see you. But don't be afraid: we'll bag Sack, and distance Neck-or nothing. But, seriously speaking, it's a d——d good joke that O'Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters; but, as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;' and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now that you have lent him all the money you had, and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They have altered Stephen's Green—*ruined* it, I should say. They have taken away the big ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d——n improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favorite bitch. Remember me to Mrs. Egan whom all admire.

My dear squire,
Your's per quire,

"*To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale.* MURTOUGH MURPHY."

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice;—good, because he could not help it, for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of trap, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. For, if Murtough's practice had depended on his looking for it, he might have made broth of his own parchment; for though, to all intents and purposes, a good attorney, he was so full of fun and fond of amusement, that it was only by dint of the business being thrust upon him he was so extensive a practitioner. He loved a good bottle, a good hunt, a good joke, and a good song, as well as any fellow in Ireland; and even when he was obliged in the way of business to press a gentleman hard,—to hunt his man to the death,—he did it so good-humoredly that his very victim could not be angry with him. As for those he served, he was their prime favorite; there was nothing they *could* want to be done in the parchment line that Murtough would not find out some way of doing; and he was so pleasant a fellow, that he shared in the hospitality of all the best tables in the country. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely, and what's more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took up your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon-mot* in exchange for it,—so that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. "'Working heaven and earth to send us to—'. So, that's the work O'Grady's at—that's old friendship—d——d unfair; and after all the money I lent him, too;—he'd better take care—I'll be down on him if he plays foul;—not that I'd like that much either;—but—Let's see who's this is coming down to oppose me?—Sack Scatterbrain, the biggest fool from this to himself; the fellow can't ride a bit,—a pretty member for a sporting county! 'I lodge at a milliner's'—divil doubt you, Murtough—I'll engage you do.—Bad luck to him!—he'd rather be fooling away his time in a back parlor, behind a bonnet-shop, than minding the interests of the county. 'Pension'—ha!—wants it sure enough;—take care, O'Grady, or by the powers I'll be at you. You may baulk all the bailiffs, and defy any other man to serve you with a writ; but, by jingo! if I take the matter in hand, I'll be bound I'll get it done. 'Stephen's Green—big ditch—where I used to hunt water-rats.' Divil sweep you, Murphy! you'd rather be hunting water-rats any day than minding your business. He's a clever fellow for all that. 'Favorite bitch—Mrs. Egan.' Ay!—there's the end of it—with his bit o' po'thry, to. The divil!"

The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

"More of that stupid blackguard's work!—robbing the mail—no less!—that fellow will be hanged some time or other. Egad, maybe they'll hang him for this! What's best to be done? Maybe it will be the safest way to see who they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing: that's it."

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall, Knockbotherum. This is what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O'Grady's intended treachery to him, here was a letter to that individual, and with the Dublin post-mark too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance could speak, "I'd give a trifle to know what's inside of this." He looked at the seal again: "Here's a—goose, I think it is, sitting in a bowl, with cross-bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth! Well: here's the gable-end of a house, and a bird sitting on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There's a fellow called Sparrow that's under-secretary at the Castle. D——n it! I wish I knew what it's about."

The squire threw down the letter as he said "d—n it," but took it up again in a few seconds, and catching it edgewise between his fore-finger and thumb, gave it a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities; and the squire, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrow-bones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, "All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering?" His face, which was screwed up to the scrutinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on the last turn-over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow deepened into the darkest frown as he scanned these lines: "As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a *bladder*—a *bladder*." "Am I a *bladdher*? by Jasus!" said the squire, tearing the letter into pieces and throwing it into the fire. "And so, *Misther* O'Grady, you say I'm a bladdher!" and the blood of the Egans rose as the head of that pugnacious family strided up and down the room: "I'll bladdher you, my buck,—I'll settle your hash!"

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lounge at the fire, that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the devil shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his considering cap; and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with—"What the devil shall I do? It's all owing to that infernal Andy—I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it I shouldn't have seen it—to be sure, if I hadn't looked; but then the temptation—a saint couldn't have withstood it. Confound it! what a stupid trick to burn it. Another here, too—must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;" and he took up the second letter, and, merely looking at the address, threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to be sent to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance, the squire desired him with peculiar emphasis to shut the door, and then opened upon him with,

"You unfortunate rascal?"

"Yis, your honor."

"Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?"

"What did I do, sir?"

"You robbed the post-office."

"How did I rob it, sir?"

"You took two letters you had no right to."

"It's no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money."

"Will you hold your tongue, you villain! I'm not joking: you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office."

"Sure I didn't know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matter, sure, if they're sitch wonderful value, can't I go back again wid 'em?"

"No, you thief. I hope you have not said a word to any one about it?"

"Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it."

"You're sure?"

"Sartain."

"Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney."

"Oh, at that rate I never will. But maybe your honor thinks I ought to be hanged?"

"No,—because you did not intend to do a wrong thing; but, only I have pit on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you've done."

"Thank you, sir."

"I've burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on yourself: so remember—not a word."

"Faith, I'll be as dumb as the dumb baste."

"Go, now; and, once for all, remember you'll be hanged so sure as you eve mention one word about this affair."

Andy made a bow and a scrape, and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a ruminating walk round the pleasure-grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend O'Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him for the monies in which he was indebted to him, he only waited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute his vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind, he became more contented, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, "We'll see who's the *bladdher*!"

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale he immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measures could be put in practice against him.

[Various projects were advanced on both sides, the Squire determining to "blister him," while Murtough declared his readiness to "stick it on" as soon as it was ready. Murtough promised to make out the law process, and send it hot and warm without delay by the Squire's messenger, (Andy,) and they parted.]

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy's for the law process at the appointed time; and, as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that was prescribed for one of the children.

"What'll I ax for, ma'am?"

"I'd be sorry to trust you, Andy, for remembering. Here's the prescription; take great care of it, and Mr. M'Garry will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it's a powder, don't let it get wit as you did the sugar the othreday."

"No, ma'am."

"And if it's a bottle, don't break it as you did the last."

"No, ma'am."

"And make haste."

"Yis, ma'am;" and off went Andy.

In going through the village, he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's, and pushed on for the attorney's: there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, enclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

"Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?" said Murtough

"I don't know, sir," said Andy.

"Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?"

Andy grinned.

"Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?"

"Faix, you're too hard on me, sir; sure I never killed but one dog, and that was an accident——"

"An accident!—D—n your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn't cut the very heart out o' you with our hunting-whips?"

"Faith, I wouldn't doubt you, sir; but sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin' away wid me, and thramplin' the dogs?"

"Why did'nt you hold her, you thief?"

"Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one."

"Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire.

"Oh, never fear, sir," said Andy, as he turned his horse's head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary's in the village to execute his commission for the "misthris." On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physic "for one o' the children at the big house," the dispenser of the healing art asked *what* physic he wanted.

"Faith, I dunna what physic."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He's sick, sir."

"I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine.—You're always making some blunder. You come here, and don't know what description of medicine is wanted."

"Don't I!" said Andy, with a great air.

"No, you don't, you omadhaun!" said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets, and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress entrusted him with until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop; and then taking the prescription from the collection, he said, "So you tell me I don't know the description of the physic I'm to get. Now, you see you're out; for *that's* the *description*." And he slapped the counter impressively with his hand, as he threw down the recipe before the apothecary.

While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the recipe. Now, it happened that he had laid them down close beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter; and as the law process which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble in form another enclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the packet which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Grane, rode home with great self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been entrusted to him: "I'm all right this time," said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's shop, when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked "If Squire O'Grady's things *was* ready!"

"There they are," said the innocent M'Grane, pointing to the bottles, boxes, and *blister* he had made up and set aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process; and Squire O'Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument, that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gun-shot of Neck-or-nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges at the entrance to the avenues, awoke the deep mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriated to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognized the old grey hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary's, and re ascended to the sick-room with slippered foot as quietly as she could: for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, "as crass as two sticks;" and she protested, furthermore, "that her heart was grey with him."

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

"Here's the things for your honor now," said she, in her most soothing tone.

"I wish the d—l had you and them!" said O'Grady.

"Gusty, dear!" said his wife. She might have said stormy instead of gusty.

"Oh! they'll do you good, your honor," said the nurse-tender, curtseying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

"Curse them all!" said the squire. "A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty stuff into—faugh!"

"Now, sir, dear, there's a little blisther just to go on your chest—if you plaze——"

"A *what*!"

"A warm plasther, dear."

"A *bluster*, you said, you old *divil!*"

"Well, sure, it's something to relieve you."

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of "Gusty, dear!"

"Hold your tongue, will you? how would *you* like it? I wish you had it on your——"

"Deed-an-deed, dear,—" said the nurse-tender.

"By the 'ternal war! if you say another word I'll throw the jug at you."

"And there's a nice dhrop o' gruel I have on the fire for you," said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the cross, and said in a mumbling manner, "God presarve us! he's the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across."

"Show me that infernal thing!" said the squire.

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag!—that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear. Now, just open the brust o' your shirt, and let me put it on you."

"Give it into my hand here and let me see it."

"Sartinly, sir;—but I think, if you'd let me just——"

"Give it to me, I tell you!" said the squire, in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire, when, on opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his bars, and bolts, and bull-dogs, and blunderbusses round him, he was served—absolutely served,—and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in bed first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive.

"You infernal old strap!" shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time; and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defence against the phial-pelting storm.

Mrs. O'Grady rolled herself up in the bed-curtains, while the nurse screeched murther! and at last, when O'Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting, "Where's my blunderbuss?" and the nurse-tender, while he endeavored to get it down from the rack, where it was suspended over the mantel-piece, bolted out of the door, which she locked on the outside, and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the meantime, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murtough Murphy, which ran thus:—

"MY DEAR SQUIRE,—I send you the *blister* for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.

"Your obedient and obliged, MURTOUGH MURPHY.

"*To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale.*"

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes: his indignation was so excessive. "So," said he at last, "Mr. Murtough Murphy—you think to cut your jokes with me, do you? By all that's sacred! I'll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horsewhip I can find, that you'll remember it. '*Dear Squire, I send you the blister.*' Bad luck to your impudence! Wait till awhile, agra—that's all. By this and that, you'll get such a blistering from me, that all the spermaceti in M'Grane's shop won't cure you."

CHAP. III.

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horsewhip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

"We'll see who can make the sorest blister," said the squire. "I'll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet, Dick?" said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild helter-skelter sort of fellow, better known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

"I'll back your bet, Ned."

"There's no fun in that, Dick, as there's noboby to take it up."

"Maybe Murtough will. Ask him before you thrash him; you'd better."

"As for *him*," said the squire, "I'll be bound he'll back my bet after he get's a taste o' this;" and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

"I think he had better take care of his back than his bet," said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening into maturity, all from his sowing.

"Don't kill him quite, Ned," said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

"Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is a another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth o' my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers." With these words, off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

"I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth," thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and, confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, "You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on *me* again; *I'll* blister you, my buck!" and, laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horse whipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grasp, leaving the lappel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

"Let me at him, sir; or by——"

"Fie, fie, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse."

"A gentleman!—an attorney, you mean."

"I say a gentleman, Squire Egan," cried Murtough fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. "I'm a gentleman, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honor in your hands, Mr. Durfy."

"Between his finger and thumb you mean, for there's not a handful of it," said the squire.

"Well, sir," replied Tom Durfy, "little or much, I'll take charge of it.—That's right, my cock," said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain while he exclaimed, "Satisfaction! satisfaction!"

"Very well," said the squire; "you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend?" added he to Durfy.

"The same, sir," said Tom. "Who do you name as yours?"

"I suppose you know one Dick the Devil."

"A very proper person, sir—no better; I'll go to him directly."

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and looking tenderly at him, cried, "Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!"

"Bother!" said Tom.

"Ah, squire Egan, don't be so bloodthirsty!"

"Fudge, woman!" said the squire.

"Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you."

"Divil a bit," said the squire.

"There, ma'am," said Murphy; "you see he'll make no apology."

"Apology!" said Durfy; "apology for a horsewhipping, indeed!—Nothing but handing a horsewhip (which I would'nt ask any gentleman to do), or a shot, can settle the matter."

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" said the widow.

"Ba! ba! ba!" shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. "Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's and get something under your nose to revive you, and let *us* mind *our* business."

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles, alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street, of the apothecary, roaring "Murder!" followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and notwithstanding all the appeals of his poor frightened wife, he left his bed, and rode to the village to "break every bone in M'Garry's skin." When he entered the shop, the pharmacopolist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, "Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you."

"Are you, you scoundrel!" said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying "Murder!" as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

"What the divil is all this about?" said Tom Durfy, laughing. "By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun,—though it's early in the year yet to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge after the hunt. I'll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place."

"There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions," said the squire. "Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me."

"Very well," said Tom; "where is it to be?"

"Suppose we say the cross roads half way between this and Merryvale. There's very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols, and all that, ready in the meantime between this and four o'clock,—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner."

"Certainly, squire," said Tom Durfy; "we'll be there at four.—Till then, good morning, squire;" and he and his man walked off; Tom having left the widow under the care of the apothecary's boy, who was applying assafœtida and other sweet-smelling things to the alleviation of the faintings which the widow thought it proper and delicate to enact on the occasion.

[The Squire rode home immediately, and set Dick Dawson to putting the pistols in order, which he did with Andy's assistance, who, during a long colloquy, suggested the propriety of "putting two balls into the pistles instid o' one, and give the masther a chance over the 'torney," which Dick the Devil, however, declined.]

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case after them to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them, and a great number of spectators were assembled—for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could. "Slap at him, Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent his dwelling on his aim."

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing; and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened the pistol-cases, and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol case, which lay on the sod; and as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second.—"Sure, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no raison I wouldn't," said Andy to himself; "and, by the powers; I'll pop in a ball *onknownst* to him." And, sure enough, Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that when Dick took up his pistols to load, a bullet lay between the powder and touch-hole. Now this must have been discovered by Dick had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage, that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed a harmless weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly; bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming, after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget: have the first fire."

Again the word was given: Murphy blazed away a rapid and harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D——n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d——d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire; "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment; "*I* bungle the loading of pistols!—*I*, that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the country!—Arrah, be aisy Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said, for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

"But it's very hard *we're* not to have a shot," said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

"Why, my dear Dick," said Durfy, "as Murphy has had two shots, and the squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again; and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground."

"Very well," said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

"And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over and his honor satisfied, what was your brother in-law's motive for assaulting him this morning? for he himself cannot conceive a cause for it."

"Oh, be aisy, Tom."

"'Pon my soul, it's true."

"Why, he sent him a blister,—a regular apothecary's blister,—instead of some law-process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn't stand it."

Durfy held a moment's conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

"All I know is," said the squire, "that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him."

"By virtue of my oath, squire, I never did! I gave Andy an enclosure of the law-process."

"Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made," said the squire. "Come here, you sir!" he shouted to Andy, who was trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the pricker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work; and the unfortunate rascal had a misgiving that he had made some blunder, from the furious look of Dick.

"Why don't you come here when I call you?" said the squire. Andy laid down the pistol case, and sneaked up to the squire. "What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me, yesterday?"

"I brought it to your honor."

"No, you didn't," said Murphy. "You've made some mistake."

"Divil a mistake I made," answered Andy very stoutly. "I wint home the minit you gev it to me."

"Did you go home direct from my house to the squire's?"

"Yis, sir, I did; I wint direct home, and called at M'Garry's by the way for some physic for the childre."

"That's it!" said Murtough; "he changed my enclosure for a blister there; and if M'Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o' parchment to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard this month of Sundays."

"He did! he did!" shouted Tom Durfy; "for don't you remember how O'Grady was after M'Garry this morning?"

"Sure enough," said Murtough, enjoying the double mistake. "By dad! Andy, you've made a mistake this time that I'll forgive you."

"By the powers o' war!" roared Dick the Devil, "I won't forgive him what he did now, though! What do you think?" said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage; "may I never fire another shot if he hasn't crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them; so no wonder you burned prime, Ned."

There was a universal laugh at Dick's expense, whose pride in being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! you're a pretty second!" was shouted by all.

Dick, stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, gradually sneaked away from the group, and, when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

"Hurra!" cried Murphy: "a race—a race! I'll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy.

"Done!" said the squire: "I'll back Dick the Devil."

"Tare an' ouns!" roared Murphy; "how Andy runs! Fear's a fine spur."

"So is rage," said the squire. "Dick's hot-foot after him. Will you double the bet."

"Done!" said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the bystanders, and various gages were thrown down and taken up upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, and from the level nature of the ground, an extensive view could not be obtained; therefore, Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun; into our saddles and after them."

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the chase of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighboring hill, whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done!—Andy will wind him yet."

"Well done!—there's a leap! Hurra!—Dick's down! Well done, Dick!—up again, and going."

"Mind the next quickset hedge—that's a rasper; it's a wide gripe, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy 'll stick in it.—Mind him!—Well leap'd, be the powers!—Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now.—No, by jingo! he has pushed his way through—there, he's going again at the other side. Ha! ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatthers!—he has left half of his breeches in the hedge."

"Dick is over now.—Hurra!—he has lost the skirt of his coat—Andy is gaining on him.—Two to one on Andy!"

"Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he went head over heels, and Dick followed fast, and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy, and the horsemen put their spurs in the flanks of their steeds and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy roaring murder, rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a deep ditch, with Dick fastened on him, pummelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether, for want of breath.

The horsemen, in a universal *screech* of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged from out of the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, and never cried stop till he earthed himself under his mother's bed in the parent cabin.

The squire and Murtough Murphy shook hands and parted friends, in half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick contrived to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner,—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction.

Chap. IV.

When Handy Andy ran to his mother's cabin to escape from the fangs of Dick Dawson, there was no one within; his mother being digging a few potatoes for supper from the little ridge behind her house, and Oonah Riley, her niece—an orphan girl who lived with her—being up to Squire Egan's to sell some eggs; for round the poorest cabins in Ireland you scarcely ever fail to see some ragged hens, whose eggs are never consumed by their proprietors, except, perhaps, on Easter Sunday, but sold to the neighbouring gentry at a trifling price.

Andy cared not who was out or who was in, provided he could only escape from Dick; so, without asking any questions, he crawled under the wretched bed in the dark corner, where his mother and Oonah slept, and where the latter, through the blessed influence of health and youth and an innocent heart, had brighter dreams than attend many a couch, whose downy pillows and silken hangings would more than purchase the fee simple of any cabin in Ireland. There Handy, in a state of utter exhaustion from his fears, his race, and his thrashing, soon fell asleep, and the terrors of Dick the Divil gave place to the blessing of the profoundest slumber.

Quite unconscious of the presence of her darling Andy was the widow Rooney, as she returned from the potato ridge into her cabin; depositing a *skeough* of the newly dug esculent at the door, and replacing the spade in its own corner of the cabin. At the same moment Oonah returned after disposing of her eggs, and handed the three pence she had received for them to her aunt, who dropped them into the deep pocket of blue striped tick which hung at her side.

"Take the pail, Oonah, *ma chree*, and run to the well for some wather to wash the pratees, while I get the pot ready for bilin' them; it wants scowrin,' for the pig was atin' his dinner out iv it, the craythur."

Off went Oonah with her pail, which she soon filled from the clear spring; and placing the vessel on her head, walked back to the cabin with that beautifully erect form, free step, and graceful swaying of the figure, so peculiar to the women of Ireland and the East, from their habit of carrying weights upon the head. The potatoes were soon washed, and as they got their last dash of water in the *skeough*, whose open wicker-work let the moisture drain from them, up came Larry Hogan, who being what is called "a civil spoken man," addressed Mrs. Rooney in the following agreeable manner:

"Them's purty pratees, Mrs. Rooney—God save you, ma'ma!

"'Deed an't they are—thank you kindly, Mr. Hogan; God save you and yours too! And how would the woman that owns you be?

"Hearty, thank you."

"Will you step in?"

[A long conversation ensues about a ghost Larry had seen, to the recital of which the widow and Oonah listened with the liveliest attention. With that eagerness which always attends the relation of horrible stories, Larry and the old woman raked up every murder and robbery that occurred within their recollection, while Oonah listened with mixed curiosity and fear. After Larry took his leave, the following scene ensues.]

"I wish Larry did not tell us such horrid stories," said she, as she laid the rushlight on the table: "I'll be dhramin' all night o' them."

"'Deed an' that's thrue," said the widow; "I wish he hadn't."

"Sure you was as bad yourself," said Oonah.

"Throth, an' I b'lieve I was, child, and I'm sorry for it now; but let us ate our supper, and go to bed, in God's name."

"I'm afeard o' my life to go to bed!" said Oonah. "Wisha! but I'd give the world it was mornin'."

"Ate your supper, child, ate your supper," said her aunt, giving the example, which was followed by Oonah; and after the light meal, their prayers were said, and perchance with a little extra devotion, from their peculiar state of mind; then to bed they went. The rushlight being extinguished, the only light remaining was that shed from the red embers of the decaying fire, which cast so uncertain a glimmer within the cabin that its effect was almost worse than utter darkness to a timid person, for any object within its range assumed a form unlike its own, and presented some fantastic image to the eye; and as Oonah, contrary to her usual habit, could not fall asleep the moment she went to bed, she could not resist peering forth from under the bedclothes, through the uncertain gloom, in a painful state of watchfulness, which became gradually relaxed into an uneasy sleep.

The night was about half spent when Andy began to awake, and as he stretched his arms, and rolled his whole body round, he struck the bottom of the bed above him in the action, and woke his mother. "Dear me," thought the widow, "I can't sleep at all to night." Andy gave another turn soon after, which roused Oonah. She started, and shaking her aunt, asked her in a low voice if it was she who kicked her, though she scarcely hoped an answer in the affirmative, and yet dared not believe what her fears whispered.

"No, *a cushla*," whispered the aunt.

"Did *you* feel anything?" asked Oonah, trembling violently.

"What do you mane, *alanna?*" said the aunt.

Andy gave another roll. "There it is again!" gasped Oonah; and in a whisper, scarcely above her breath, she added, "Aunt—there's some one unde the bed!"

The aunt did not answer; but the two women drew closer together, and held each other in their arms, as if their proximity afforded protection. Thus they lay in breathless fear for some minutes, while Andy began to be influenced by a vision, in which the duel and the chase and the thrashing were all enacted over again, and soon an odd word began to escape from the dreamer;—"Gi' me the pist'l Dick—the pist'l!"

"There are two of them!" whispered Oonah. "God be merciful to us!—Do you hear him asking for the pistol!"

"Screel!" said her aunt.

"I can't," said Oonah.

Andy was quiet for some time, while the women scarcely breathed.

"Suppose we get up, and make for the door," said the aunt.

"I wouldn't put my foot out of the bed for the world," said Oonah. "I'm afeard one o' them would catch me by the leg."

"Howld him! howld him!" grunted Andy.

"I'll die with the fright, aunt! I feel I'm dyin'! Let us say our prayers, aunt, for we are goin' to be murdhered!" The two women began to repeat with fervour their *aves* and *paternosters*, while at this immediate juncture Andy's dream having borne him to the dirty ditch where Dick Dawson had pommelled him, he began to vociferate, "Murder! murder!" so fiercely, that the women screamed together in an agony of terror, and "Murder! murder!" was shouted by the whole party, for once the widow and Oonah found their voices, they made good use of them. The noise awoke Andy, who had, be it remembered, a tolerable long sleep by this time; and he having quite forgotten where he had lain down, and finding himself confined by the bed above him, and smothering for want of air, with the fierce shouts of murder ringing in his ears, woke in as great a fright as the women in the bed, and became a party in the terror he himself had produced; every plunge he gave under the bed inflicted a poke or kick on his mother and cousin, which was answered by the cry of "Murder!"

"Let me out! Let me out, Misther Dick!" roared Andy. "Where am I at all? Let me out!"

"Help, help! murdher!" roared the women.

"I'll never shoot any one again, Misther Dick—let me up!"

Andy scrambled from under the bed half awake, and whole frightened by the darkness and the noise, which was now increased by the barking of the cur-dog.

"High! at him, Coaly!" roared Mrs. Rooney; "howld him! howld him!"

Now as this address was often made to the cur respecting the pig when Mrs. Rooney sometimes wanted a quiet moment in the day, and the pig didn't like quitting the premises, the dog ran to the corner of the cabin where the pig habitually lodged, and laid hold of his ear with the strongest testimonials of affection, which polite attention the pig acknowledged by a prolonged squeeling, that drowned the voices of the women and Andy together; and now the cocks and hens that were roosting on the rafters of the cabin, were startled by the din, and crowing and cackling; and the flapping of the frightened fowls as they flew about in the dark, added the general uproar and confusisn.

"A——h!" screamed Oonah, "take your hands off me!" as Andy, getting from under the bed, laid his hand upon it to assist him, and caught a grip of his cousin.

"Who are you at all!" cried Andy, making another claw, and catching hold of his mother's nose.

"Oonah, they're murdhering me!" shouted the widow.

The name of Oonah, and the voice of his mother, recalled his senses to Andy, who shouted, "Mother, mother, what's the matter!" A frightened hen flew in his face, and nearly knocked Andy down. "Bad cess to you," cried Andy; "what do you hit me for?"

"Who are you at all!" cried the widow.

"Don't you know me!" said Andy.

"No, I don't know you; by the vartue o' my oath, I don't; and I'll never swear again' you, jintlemen, if you lave the place, and spare our lives!"

Here the hens flew against the dresser, and smash went the plates and dishes.

"Oh, jintlemen, dear, don't rack and ruin me that way; don't desthroy a lone woman!"

"Mother, mother, what's this at all! Don't you know your own Andy!"

"Is it you that's there!" cried the widow, catching hold of him.

"To be sure it's me," said Andy.

"You won't let us be murdhered, will you!"

"Who'd murdher you!"

"Them people that's with you." Smash went another plate. "Do you hear that! they're rackin' my place, the villians!"

"Devil a one's wid me at all!" said Andy.

"I'll take my oath there was three or four under the bed," said Oonah.

"Not one but myself," said Andy.

"Are you sure?" said his mother.

"Cock sure!" said Andy, and a loud crowing gave evidence in favour of his assertion.

"The fowls is going mad," said the widow.

"And the pig's disthracted," said Oonah.

"No wonder; the dog's murdherin' him," said Andy.

"Get up and light the rushlight, Oonah," said the widow; "you'll get a spark out o' the turf cendhers."

"Some o' them will catch me, may be!" said Oonah.

"Get up, I tell you!" said the widow.

Oonah now arose, and groped her way to the fire-place, where by dint of blowing upon the embers, and poking the rushlight among the turf ashes, a light was at length obtained. She then returned to the bed, and threw her petticoat over her shoulders.

"What's this at all!" said the widow rising, and wrapping a blanket round her.

"Bad cess to the know I know!" said Andy.

"Look undher the bed, Oonah," said the aunt.

Oonah obeyed, and screamed, and ran behind Andy, "There's another here yet!" said she.

Andy seized the poker, and standing on the defensive, desired the villian to come out; the demand was not complied with.

"There's nobody there," said Andy.

"I'll take my oath there is," said Oonah; a dirty blackguard without any clothes on him.

"Come out, you robber!" said Andy, making a lunge under the truckle.

A grunt ensued, and out rushed the pig, who had escaped from the dog, the dog having discovered a greater attraction in some fat that was knocked from the dresser, which the widow intended for the dipping of rushes in; but the dog being enlightened to his own interest without rushlights, and preferring mutton fat to pig's ear, had suffered the grunter to go at large, while he was captivated by the fat, The clink of a three-legged stood the widow seized to the rescue, was a stronger argument against the dog than he was prepared to answer, and a remnant of fat was preserved from the rapacious Coaly.

"Where's the rest of the robbers!" said Oonah: "there's three o' them, I know."

"You're dhramin," said Andy. "Divil a robber is here but myself."

"And what brought you here!" said his mother.

"I was afeard they'd murder me," said Andy.

"Murdher!" exclaimed the widow and Oonah together, still startled by the very sound of the word. "Who do you mane!"

"Misther Dick," said Andy.

"Aunt, I tell you," said Oonah, "this is some more of Andy's blundhers. Sure Misther Dawson wouldn't be goin' to murdher any one; let us look round the cabin, and find out who's in it, for I won't be aisy ontil I look into every corner to see there's no robbers in the place; for I tell you again there was three o'them under the bed."

The search was made, and the widow and Oonah at length satisfied that there were no midnight assassins there with long knives to cut their throats; and then they began to thank God that their lives were safe.

"But, oh! look at my chaynee!" said the widow, clasping her hands, and casting a look of despair at the shattered delf that lay around her; "look at my chaynee!"

"And what *was* it brought *you* here!" said Oonah, facing round on Andy with a dangerous look, rather, in her bright eye. "Will you tell us that, what *was* it!"

"I came to save my life, I tell you," said Andy.

"To put us in dhread of ours, you mane," said Oonah. "Just look at the *omadhawn* there," said she to her aunt, "standin' with his mouth open, just as if nothin' had happened, and he after frightenin' the lives of us."

"Thrue for you, *alanna*," said her aunt.

"And would no place sarve you, indeed, but undher our bed, you vagabone!" said his mother, roused to a sense of his delinquency, "to come in like a morodin villain, as you are, and hide under the bed, and frighten the lives out of us, and rack and ruin my place!"

"'Twas Misther Dick, I tell you," said Andy.

"Bad scran to you, you unlooky hangin' bone thief!" cried the widow, seizing him by the hair, and giving him a hearty cuff on the ear, which would have knocked him down, only that Oonah kept him up by an equally well applied box on the other.

"Would you murdher me!" shouted Andy.

"Arn't you afther frightenin' the lives out of us, you dirty, good-for-nothing, mischief-making!—"

On poured the torrent of abuse, rendered more impressive by a whack at every word. Andy roared, and the more he roared, the more did Oonah and his mother thrash him. So great, indeed, was their zeal in the cause, that the widow's blanket and Oonah's petticoat fell off in the *melée*, which compels us to put our hands to our eyes, and close the chapter.

* Anything very badly broken is said by the Irish peasantry to be in jommethry.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Charlotte Russe is on her way from South Carolina to Imp. *Priam*, at Hicksford, Va. *Kitty Heth* accompanies her, and *Bay Maria* is already with him. Imp. *Delphine* would have been sent, but that she is now just recovering from her voyage, and so far advanced with foal (by the Great *Plenipo*'), as to unfit her for the journey. Her produce is the 22d nomination in the Great Produce Stake at Nashville. Col. HAMPTON's other mares go to imported *Hibiscus*.

Eagle Course, N. J.—Gentlemen intending to make nominations in the sweepstakes to come off over this course, should bear in mind that they close on the 25th inst. We learn that the stakes are filling rapidly; a number of subscribers from the Island and Maryland have been obtained, and old Jersey herself is not a whit behind her neighbors. A list of the subscribers to each we shall endeavor to publish in this paper of the 29th. The spirited manner in which the proprietor of the Eagle Course has come out in the face of the fanatics of New Jersey, entitles it to the cordial support of turfmen far and near; that the ensuing meeting will be conducted in the same liberal and exemplary manner which has ever characterized the management of the Eagle Course, and which has won for it the especial regard of the great mass of the respectability and wealth of the State, the proprietor has given a sure pledge, by increasing the amount of his purses, and making every exertion to add to the attraction of his meeting.

A. HARALSON, Esq., of St. Francisville, La. has re-sold *Maria Duke* to *Walker Thurston*, and purchased *Conflict* of the same man at a high figure, having traded without seeing the horse. Mr. H. found him "completely let down—absolutely ruined," as we have the best authority for stating; from all accounts, this was one of Thurston's most scandalous transactions. Maria Duke has since been sold to Dr. IRA SMITH, of St. Francisville, for $4000. We regret to hear that our esteemed friend Dr. S. has been obliged to throw out *Arbaces*. His clever young trainer, MACK, has Maria Duke and several others in training for the New Orleans Spring Meetings.

Union Course.—The programme of the First Spring Meeting on Long Island which will be found on the 22d page, promises to be unusually interesting, from the matches and sweepstakes that are to come off in addition to the races for the usual Club Purses. We shall take occasion, at an early day, to refer to this matter at some length.

Monarch is not to attend the Augusta races. A friend, who saw him a few days since at Columbia, writes under date of the 5th instant, that "he is now stripped, and running riot in his paddock, as lively and as fresh as an unbroken colt. Col. HAMPTON had nothing but him fit to go to Augusta, and could not send him alone."

Marcella.—In answer to the query of "N. of Arkansas," we are informed by R. PINDELL, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., that Marcella was never bred to Oakland. Her first produce alive is *Mandane*, by Pulaski, the property of LEWIS SMITH, Esq., of Ky. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, now owned by Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Miss., came next; then *Kitty Cade*, by Rattler, still owned by Mr. Pindell; to her have succeeded a Chesnut Colt, by Lance—a Bay Filly, by Imp. Sarpedon—a Bay colt, *Abram Hunt*, by Bertrand, and a Chesnut colt, *Harry J.*, also by Bertrand.

Early Foals.—We stated some weeks since that *Moss Rose* produced a foal on the 4th of January. On the same day, Imp. *Lucy* dropped a chesnut filly by Imp. Emancipation, and on the 26th Feb., Col. PRESTON'S Imp. Priam mare dropped a splendid bay filly by the same horse. This mare ought to make one of the finest brood mares in America, being by Priam, out of Sister to Spermaceti by Whalebone; nothing can be better bred. An injury in her hip or stifle prevented her appearance on the turf, but she will, if we are not greatly mistaken, repay her spirited owner for his disappointment; we saw her about a year since at Columbia, S. C., and recollect being struck with her bloodlike appearance.

Josh Bell.—A friend at St. Francisville, La. writes that this formidable Kentucky bred "crack" of Mr. WM. R. BARROW's is doing finely; Mr. B. is a distinguished ornament of the Louisiana Turf, and we are pleased to hear that TISDALE, his trainer, has the Medoc filly *Picayune*, and a Luzborough colt out of Lucilla also in training, of which "fond hopes and high expectations" promise to be realized. *Pressure* (called *Mad Anthony* while in Col. BINGAMAN'S hands), we regret to hear, is turned out. The former is nominated in the Thousand Dollar Sweepstakes at New Orleans, to which there are eight or nine subscribers. *Sthreshley*, a promising Medoc colt, is said to be the favorite for this stake.

Mr. DUPLANTIER'S *Stable.*—A gentleman who saw this string a few weeks since in Louisiana, writes us that the old veteran will give some of his Mississippi friends trouble this Spring at the New Orleans races, with *Wren*, *Roderick Dhu*, and *Dandy*. Wren, for the first time, will be in something like order; she ought to be a good 'un, "and no mistake," being by Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, the dam of *Linnet* and half-a-dozen other good ones. Roderick Dhu is comparatively an untried horse, but if in order, will show on the four mile days. Dandy is described to us as a cock pheasant, so far as game and spirit are concerned. *Nous verrons.* From what we hear of the Mississippi and Alabama "cracks," winning at New Orleans, the ensuing Spring, won't be the thing it "used to was," by no manner of means, but the Louisiana stables have received great accessions of strength since last January.

Black Maria.—We are very much mortified to be obliged to note an error which occurred in the memoir of this fine mare, given in this paper last week. In speaking of her great 20 mile race, we remarked that she was the first to recover, though for months but the shadow of herself, while *Lady Relief* died soon after, and *Trifle* was crippled and laid up for a year. The 20 mile race was run over the Union Course, L. I., and eleven days afterwards, she ran four mile heats at Baltimore, over the Central Course, and though beaten by *Andrew*, she ran 2d for the *second* heat in seven seconds better time than Andrew made the *first* heat.

Mr. STEVENS informs us that Black Maria's average racing weight was 900lbs., but that she lost by her 20 mile race full 100lbs.; he has been in the habit for years of weighing his horses frequently, and from a record kept, can tell to a fraction what each of his horses lost, even in sweating. Black Maria *never lost a feed* after her 20 mile race, and was taken to Baltimore in company with *Medoc* and *O'Kelly*. Before and after her arrival at Baltimore, BUCKLEY, Mr. S.'s trainer, made repeated trials with the three, and found that the mare had lost none of her foot; and rather to make an experiment than from any expectation of winning, Mr. S. started her for a post sweepstakes, at four mile heats, reserving O'Kelly for the regular Jockey Club four mile purse. The following is the statement of the race:—

1832—*Central Course, Md.*, Oct. 24—Post Sweepstakes for all ages. Four subscribers at $500 each, P.P., with $1000 added by the proprietor. Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. c. *Andrew*, by Sir Charles, d. by Herod, 5 yrs., 110lbs	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 6 yrs., 115lbs.	4	2
Bela Badger's b. h. *Jackson*, by John Richards, d. by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs., 110lbs	3	3
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. h. *Malcolm*, by Sir Charles, d. by Alfred, 5 yrs., 110lbs	2	dr

Time, 8:19—8:12. Track heavy.

Black Maria did not run for the 1st heat, but the time shows she had the ability to drive up Andrew more in the second heat, than Malcolm or Jackson could in the first. And this, too, after having run *Thirty-seven* miles within twenty-one days!

Old North Carolina is making an effort to regain her Turf ascendancy, by the establishment of race courses. After breeding a great number of the finest horses this country ever produced, a change came over the spirit of her breeders, and stock declined. It is now reviving, and the State promises to become once more emphatically a "race horse region." A new Club will be formed at Fayetteville this Spring, and a friend writes us from Waynesborough, Wayne County, that they are making strenuous exertions to establish a course at that place. "When I last saw the list," our correspondent writes, "there were thirty-odd subscribers, some of them at $50 per annum for five years, and none under $10."

"*N. of Arkansas.*"—The following odds and ends are from a hurried private letter dated Little Rock, Feb. 4th:—

"I was much astonished at the result of the race between *Zelina* and *Wagner*. Mr. TAYLOE is about snatching the wreath from the brow of Col. BINGAMAN—indeed, one more such campaign, and he is *the* "Napoleon of the South West." The *Betsey Malone* blood will tell, even though it has a small sprinkling of *Potomac* in it. The produce of Zelina and Woodpecker is named by Col. Bingaman in the great match. He and the prince of clever fellows have an inside-stake between the above entry, and the produce of *Black Maria*.

"*Picton* and the *Grey Eagle* (if they come together fine as silk,) this Spring at Louisville, will cause an awful emptying of pocket-books.

"*The Poney* and *Melzare* (if both are in order,) will make an interesting race. The former has the heels, but the latter, I think rather the gamest.

"DAVID THOMPSON has paid forfeit on both his races on *John Belcher*—the one against *Charline*, the other against gelding *Snip*.

"SAM WATERS has fitted up a room in handsome style, and nightly plays to crowded houses. I saw *Virginius* played by a Mr. DOUGLAS, the other night, in most splendid style. I think his personation of Virginius would do credit to FORREST. WHARTON is a clever young man, modest and unassuming off the stage. He has talent, but he has a most uninteresting way of making his entrance on the stage, and an unfortunate habit of rolling his eyes about. Sam Waters is a clever actor—a fellow of infinite humor. WOLFE is always at home, and never fails to perform his part well. McCurdy and Rice are not to be sneezed at. As to the ladies they do their best—angels could do no more.

In haste, yours, N."

The Texian Turf.—It is gratifying to find among the gallant throng of fearless spirits who have identified themselves with the destinies of Texas, that those from race horse regions in this country have carried with them into the growing republic all that pride and interest in fine stock which characterized them at home. There are already several racing stables in Texas of considerable pretensions, and within the last year very many capital brood mares, of pure and fashionable blood, and three or four well-bred stallions, have found their way there from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Jockey Clubs, at the two principal cities, have been organized, comprising some of the most distinguished citizens of the republic. We subjoin, to place upon record, the advertisement of the Velasco races, which we were directed by the President of the Club to publish as such, but it arrived too late to afford any service by its publication. From the same source we have been furnished with the following list of the *Officers of the Club*:—Gen. THOMAS J. GREEN, Pres't; Gen. JOHN A. WHARTON, Col. WM. G. HILL, and Judge WM. P. SCOTT, 1st, 2d, and 3d Vice Presidents; Col. WM. Ryan, Secretary.

Velasco (Texas) Jockey Club.

The Spring Meeting over this course will commence on Wednesday, the 20th March, and continue four days.

First Day—Jockey Club Purse, $200, entrance $25, One mile.
Second Day—Jockey Club Purse, $400, ent. $40, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $200, ent. $25, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse, $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.

Velasco, Jan. 20th, 1839. By order of the Club. THOS. J. GREEN, Pres't.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM GEORGIA.

MARION, March 4, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed, in an advertisement in your last No., the pedigree of *Charles Kemble*. As there given, it is certainly incorrect. The true pedigree is the one given to his own brother, *Wild Bill* (Pilot), in vol. vii. No. 9 of Turf Register. [*Extract by the Editor.*—Wild Bill was got by Sir Archy, out of Maria, by Gallatin—g. d. by Imp. Bedford—g. g. d. by Debonnaire—g. g. g. d. by Imp. Wildair—g. g. g. g. d. by Grey Diomed. Certified by Judge A. J. Lawson, of Georgia, 28th May, 1832.] Mr. MCNORRITT, the gentleman who ran *Maria*, the dam of Charles Kemble and Wild Bill, did not breed her, nor did he own her dam. She was a celebrated mare, bred by the late Capt. JOHN WHITEHEAD, of Burke County, Ga., and owned by the Hon. A. J. LAWSON, now a resident of that county. She was called *Pigeon*, by Imp. Bedford, and was particularly celebrated for her game and bottom—g. dam was by the famous four mile horse *Debonnaire*; for his pedigree, see Edgar's Stud Book; g. g. d. by Imp. *Wildair*, g. g. g. d. by *Grey Diomed*, son of Imp. Medley, which mare was purchased upwards of sixty years since in Virginia, for which he paid the then large amount of six hundred dollars. Her pedigree was as good as any in the country, and was undoubtedly pure and fashionable as any in that day, so stated by Capt. John Whitehead. At his death all his papers passed into other hands, who took no interest in stock, and consequently were destroyed. There is no shadow of doubt of the authenticity of this pedigree.

The just celebrity of all the stock, and the increasing fame of Wild Bill as a tried stallion, render it necessary that there should be no mistake by inadvertencies in the publication of their pedigrees. Charles Kemble was certainly a superior race horse, as was also *Wehawk*, his half brother. Wild Bill was not only a fine racer, but the sire is of very distinguished racers. Old Pigeon, their grandam, produced but two others, one the famous *Kitty Fisher*, sold at 13 yrs. old to Col. PITTMAN, of Florida, for $1600, and the other, a colt, for which Judge Lawson refused $3000 at seven months old, offered by Mr. COTTON, the gentleman who then owned old *Gallatin*, which colt was unfortunately killed. Kitty Fisher was accidentally killed while with Bascombe two years since. All her produce are as fine as eye ever looked upon. Hon. A. J. Lawson has a Falstaff filly, an Eclipse, and a Luzborough, all superb broodmares. Their owner being an amateur breeder, never suffered them to be trained; her first produce was by a half-bred horse, Reynold's Contention, called by Col. Berrien, her then owner, *Jane Lamar*; she won in Alabama several four mile races, and is now, I understand, a brood mare belonging to Dr. FILDER, in that State. The last two produce of Kitty Fisher are owned by the writer of this article, a Hedgeford colt and Rowton filly, of which some mention was made in your last vol.

Yours respectfully, INDEX.

P.S. As some of my brood mares have not their pedigrees recorded, by your permission, I will have them placed in the "Spirit."—[Send them, and they shall appear forthwith.]

NOTE FROM A LONG ISLANDER.

Friend P.—I am not a little interested in the success of your Journal, therefore, have a right to complain of the small pains you take to correct abuses on Long Island. Many firm friends of "the Turf," to my knowledge, have "sot down" lucubrations on paper, to help you in coming up to "the scratch in this ere matter," but your "Spirit" is as dark as "Old Nick" himself, in his worst mood; and although it is *rayther* a heavy matter to bring up, you make "light" of it. This ar'nt the thing—and if you don't wake up the snakes, why, your subscribers will have to pit somewhere else, and stick the facts into the corner of the Park and National play bills.

Heaps of folks are asking, all the time "well Skip, what are they going to do this spring?" "Don't know," says Skip. Now isn't this a pretty answer to make a white man? Well, it is no matter, if it can't be help'd, but it should and it must be, that's poz.

Poor Purses! *let the Purses be rich*—rich enough, to draw the bottom from the soil of the west and south, and mix it up here, with our best "diggins." Let the "Wonder" then be, who will grow out first, (only think of growing through a four mile heat!) my geminy! how they'd streak it! Make it an object for fine 'creatures' to be entered—give good accommodation to the "Ariels," sweet spirits—fix the men—elevate the character of the Union Course by paying it proper attention, and profit will come sure as death, but neglect it, as you do gentlemen, (who do you 'spose I mean?) and you might as well *raise* a baby on brandy and water. Aint it so, squire? SKIP.

ADVICE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The annexed bit of good advice we quote from a private letter from one of the most eminent breeders in Kentucky, and at the same time give notice that, like Paul Pry, we have come to the determination "never to do another good natured thing," by admitting articles to the columns of this paper of the character of those referred to:—

"We will have more three year olds in training in Kentucky this Spring than ever before; they are all improvements on last year's. The owner of *Grey Eagle* is one of the cleverest fellows alive, and for his sake I regretted the controversy about the time; but I have never seen a man who believed it from the start, and every sporting man I have conversed with, says the last was perceptibly the quickest heat. We take no part in Kentucky in that puffing controversy between *Woodpecker* and *Medoc*; there are no parties among intelligent breeders in favor of either horse, to the prejudice of the other; and I really felt ashamed of the pieces about them, *Rodolph*, *Jim Allen*, &c. Confound this puffing; it's degrading to the horse, and contemptible in the owner, and in no place so much indulged as here. How miserably ridiculous was that puff of Jim Allen. I look anxiously for the new "Spirit," though I will be content to take the old as a travelling companion for life."

A distinguished breeder and turfman of South Carolina also did us the honor, a few months since, to address us a letter on this subject, from which we make the subjoined extract:—

"In the commencement of the New Volume, I would studiously avoid the publication of the gross challenges which occasionally appear in *provincial* papers; above all things, avoid the publication of any matter relating to a *stallion*, beyond giving his pedigree, his performances, and the performances of those of his get. Your paper is confessedly the best Sporting Journal in our country, and is now in general circulation, both at home and abroad. Permit, therefore, nothing to go into it calculated to degrade the Turf, and those connected with it, in the eyes of Foreigners. If owners of Stallions desire controversy, let them issue handbills, or publish in their County or in their State papers, everything they deem necessary, but in the name of all that is proper, let them confine the circulation of their trash *at home*. I have ventured these suggestions with no other motive than the higher elevation of your excellent journal; my zeal, as is often the case, may have run off with my discretion;—give me credit for the first, and estimate, as low as you please, the latter."

Now this advice was prompted by the purest impulses, and every sensible man will at once subscribe to its perfect propriety and good sense and taste. We know full well that it was elicited by the writer's kindly solicitude for the success of this paper, and will add, that no accession of new subscribers, however great, affords us half the pleasure of the receipt of such a letter, from such a source; the assurances that our efforts to deserve the good opinion of such CORINTHIAN COLUMNS in society, are not entirely overlooked or unappreciated, inspirit us not only to make renewed exertions, but form the most delightful epochs in our editorial life.

Having expressed our estimate of the value of the advice quoted above,—advice we have also received from various other sources—we need hardly add, that in the new volume of this paper, it will be strictly adhered to. Correspondents whose articles are omitted on this ground, will understand the "cause why," without further notice.

THE GREAT PRODUCE STAKE AT NASHVILLE.

JOHN C. RODGERS, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., has made another nomination to this splendid stake, which is now closed with THIRTY subscribers, at $5000 each, making $150,000! Mr. Rodgers names the produce of Maria West, by Marion and Andrew.

The Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club writes us respecting this entry to the following effect:—

"Mr. Rodgers' nomination I received about the middle of January; it was dated on the 1st January, but postmarked the 2d. As the stake closed on the 1st Jan., I did not feel authorised to accept the nomination until certificates were received that it had been deposited on the 1st. I have now in my possession Gen. W. L. OTEY'S (Secretary of the Raleigh Jockey Club) certificate, stating that he deposited it in the post-office on the 1st Jan.; also Mr. THOS. G. SCOTT'S (P. M. of Raleigh), stating that he believed the letter was deposited in the office on the 1st Jan. I am thus particular in stating the facts respecting this entry to you, on account of the great amount of this stake, and the fact of having published the subscribers to it without including Mr. R.'s nomination. Most of the subscribers, thinking it closed, will make of you the enquiry, why this entry was added! and you would oblige me much (for my own satisfaction) by making a concise statement respecting it, as they are widely scattered. I have been very particular in keeping all the papers relating to it together, so that they can be handed over to the fortunate man that may demand them on the day of the race."

It will be seen by a "Sporting Epistle from P. of L." in another column, that the 2d nomination to the stake has made his appearance—*Hector*, by Priam, out of Maria Shepherd. The Sporting World would be gratified if each subscriber would apprise us of the foaling of his nomination, and any other particulars in relation to it.

We regret to announce that the 27th nomination is void, by the death of the produce of Marcella (Fanny Wright's dam) and Eclipse, named by J. M. PINDELL, Esq., of Lexington, Ky. Mr. P. writes us that he has had the misfortune to lose twins this year by Eclipse. This gentleman has been peculiarly unfortunate this season; *Kitty Cade* by Rattler, and two other fine mares, miscarried—another missed to Eclipse, and another to Imp. Luzborough.

A subscriber to the Great Stake, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the American Turf, in a recent letter, makes the following suggestion, which we take the liberty of giving in his own words. It is a capital proposition, and were we at liberty to designate the author, the simple mention of his name would exert an influence, to the weight of which, in support of his proposal, anything we might add would be superfluous:—

"The splendid sweepstake at Nashville will most likely prove a sporting affair, and will of itself draw many stables there when it comes off. To add to the attractions of the meeting, I would suggest that another stake be opened for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1840, two mile heats, two thousand dollars entrance, five hundred forfeit, to name and close on or before the 1st of January next, and to come off the day after the principal affair. This episode to the great drama will enable those who have only one nomination in the large stake to accompany it with a junior partner, to run for the smaller one. If you think the suggestion worth consideration, consult the chivalric originator of the first stake (which ought to bear his name), and shape it so as to meet his views, and those of the Western gentlemen. If they enter into it with spirit, we ought to have one hundred subscribers to this stake."

THE AGE OF IMPORTED LIKENESS.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 26, 1839.

W. T. PORTER: SIR,—I was surprised and pained to see that *Likeness* ran at Montgomery as a 3 yr. old.* She was 4 last Spring, and she was entered and run as a 4 yr. old the day I sold her to Mr. LONG.

It is *barely* possible I may have made a mistake in stating in my bill of sale she was 3 at the time sold, instead of 3 at the time I purchased her, but this I am certain, I sold her as a 4 yr. old.

I ran her as a 4 yr. old, and she was registered by me in the Turf Register as a 3 yr. old in 1838. While I have disclaimed all share or intention of imposing her on Mr. Long, or the public, as a year younger, I shall regret if a mistake in my certificate should have led him into error or difficulty.

You will please publish this. Yours, truly, ALLEN J. DAVIE.

* Major DAVIE refers to a report of the late Montgomery (Ala.) Races, where, on the 23d of Jan. last, as a 3 yr. old, *Likeness* won the purse for Two mile heats, beating *Nick of the Woods* and *Quaker*. The "Spirit of the Times" of the 19th Feb. contains a report of the race, in which the following paragraph occurs:—

"Previous to starting, some doubts arose in regard to the age of Likeness, from the fact of her having been reported in the race she ran at Warrenton, N. C., as a 4 yr. old. Mr. Long was immediately called upon, when he produced the certificate of Maj. Allen J. Davie, from whom he purchased her, which was perfectly satisfactory to the Judges, and they accordingly decided that she was entitled to run as a 3 yr. old."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES IN 1838.—FOUR MILE HEATS.

ANNUALLY COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

NAME.	COLOR.	AGE	SIRE.	DAM.	OWN'D OR STARTED BY	PRIZE.	WT.	TIME.	BEATING THE UNDERMENTIONED HORSES.	COURSE.	DATE.	FOL.
African	bl. h.	5	Imp. Valentine	Ethelinda, by Marshal Bertrand	Henry Shacklett	$500 p	110	8:24	Sir Richard	St. Louis, Mo.	Sep. 28	285
African	bl. h.	5	Imp. Valentine	Ethelinda, by Marshal Bertrand	Henry Shacklett	700 p	110	8:07—8:07—8:58	Hebe	St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 4	302
Atalanta	br. m.	6	Industry	Nancy Norwood, by Rattler	Col. W. R. Johnson	700 p	115	8:40—8:45	Genito, Diana, and Corset	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 19	84
Atalanta	br. m.	6	Industry	Nancy Norwood, by Rattler	Col. W. R. Johnson	1000 p	118	8:01	Henry Moore, Bergen, and Ajax	Union Course, L. I.	May 4	93
Bee's Wing	ch. f.	3	Imp. Leviathan	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Thos. J. Wells	6000 s	83	8:15—8:37	Willina Herndon, in a match	New Orleans, La.	Dec 13	364
Bergen	gr. h.	5	Medley	Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy	Capt. R. F. Stockton	1000 s	114	7:58—8:10	Bloody Nathan, in a match	Camden, N. J.	May 22	116
Bernardo	gr. g.	5	Pacific	By Young Florizel	Wm. A. Verrell	800 p	107	8:10	Sir Kenneth	Columbus, Miss.	May 10	157
Billy Townes	b. c.	4	Imp. Fylde	By Virginian	Wm. Mc. Cargo	500 p	100	8:29½—8:44—8:49	Spindle, John Lindsay, Black Prince, and Julia Burton	Fairfield, Va.	Oct. 19	292
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	1000 p	114	8:04—8:01	Dosoris	Beacon Course, N.J.	May 18	108
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	1000 p	114	8:36—8:41	Decatur	Camden, N. J.	May 25	125
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	1000 p	114	7:40	Charles Carter, who ran three miles in 5:36½, and then let down	Union Course, L. I.	June 1	124
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	1000 p	114	7:52—7:54—8:30	Duane, who won the 1st heat	Beacon Course, N.J	June 8	133
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	700 p	110	9:25	Polly Green	Petersburg, Va.	Oct. 4	286
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	700 p	110	8:05	Balie Peyton	Central Course, Md.	Oct 13	285
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	500 p	110		Rec. $500 from the purse not to start; (Mast. Henry & Ben Tasker ent.)	Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 19	307
Boston	ch. h.	5	Timoleon	Robin Brown's dam, by Florizel	Col. W. R. Johnson	1000 p	114	8:00—7:57½	Decatur	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 2	300
Celestion	b. c.	4	Sir Leslie	Rowena, by Sumpter	Col. W. R. Johnson	750 p	114	8:12—8:26	Decatur	Beacon Course, N.J	Nov. 9	808
Cippus	bl. h.	6	Industry	By Mark Anthony	Dr. E. Warfield	1000 p	100	8:20—8:04	Musadora, Tarlton, Crowder, and Blue Jim	Lexington, Ky.	Oct. 5	285
Charlotte Hill	b. m.		Hephestion	By Cook's Whip	Jas. S. Garrison	700 p	118	7:51—7:58½	Master Henry and Prince George	Kendall Course, Md	May 11	109
Charlotte Russe	ch. m.	5	Sir Charles	Trifle's dam, by Cicero	Shelby Smith	800 p		9:06—8:35	Old Felix and Lady Fenwick	Houston, Texas	Nov 29	381
Count Zaldivar	ch. c.	2	Andrew	By Timoleon	Col. Wade Hampton	750 p	111	8:11—8:14	Langford, Zenobia, and Champagne	Beacon Course, N.J	Nov. 9	308
Count Zaldivar	ch. c.	3	Andrew	By Timoleon	Bonner & Iverson	1000 p	fea.	8:15—8:08	Kite	Columbus, Ga.	Mar. 2	61
Decatur	ch. h.	5	Henry	Ostrich, by Eclipse	Bonner & Iverson	800 p	86	8:14—8:08	Gerow, with an inside stake of $1000 each	Columbus, Ga.	Oct. 12	302
Decatur	ch. h.	5	Henry	Ostrich, by Eclipse	Samuel M. Neill	10000s	110	7:45	Fanny Wyatt, in a match	Washington, D. C.	May 1	326
Decatur	ch. h.	5	Henry	Ostrich, by Eclipse	Samuel M. Neill	1000 p	114	7:51—7:56—8:10	Atalanta	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 3	268
Duane	ch. c.	4	Imp. Hedgeford	Goodloe W., by Washington	Samuel M. Neill	1000 p	114	8:18—8:24	Zenobia and Trenton	Beacon Course, N.J	Oct. 11	276
Duane	ch. c.	4	Imp. Hedgeford	Goodloe W., by Washington	Wm. McCargo	600 p	100	8:03—8:02—8:11	Tornado, Milwaukie, Josephus, Spindle, Tom Walker, br. f. by Timoleon	Tree Hill, Va.	May 11	126
Exotic	b. f.	4	Imp. Leviathan	Imp. Refugee, by Wanderer	Wm. McCargo	1000 p	100	7:42½—7:58½	Stockton and Balie Peyton; (B. P. won 1st heat.)	Central Course, Md.	May 18	117
Extio	ch. m.	5	Imp. Leviathan	White Feathers, by Conqueror	James Jackson	1000 s	97	9:40—9:33	B. f. by Cock of the Rock, in a post match, Leviathan vs. C. of the Rock	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 1	285
Fent Noland	b. c.	4	Imp. Barefoot	Ariadne's dam, by Sir Archy	Thos. J. Wells	5000 s	90	8:15—8:08	Fanny Wright, in a match	Natchez, Miss.	Mar 14	60
Franklin	ch. h.	6	Flagellator	By Eclipse	Capt. D. Thompson	510 p	100	9:14	Widow Cheerly	Van Buren, Arks.	Oct. 18	332
Gander	gr. c.	4	Wild Bill	Grey Goose, by Pacolet	John Frost	500 p	118	8:06—7:53	Hebe, Rights of Man, and Fleta	St. Louis, Mo.	June 1	144
Gerow	ch. c.	3	Henry	Vixen, by Eclipse	Capt. John Connally	900 p	100	8:57—8:54—9:03	Othello and Jack Downing	Huntsville, Ala.	Nov. 8	325
Gerow	ch. c.	4	Henry	Vixen, by Eclipse	Hammond & Lovell	800 p	86	8:27—8:15	Ione and Henry Buster	Milledgeville, Ga.	Apr 13	85
Gerow	ch. c.	4	Henry	Vixen, by Eclipse	Hammond & Lovell	1000 p	100	8:13—8:26	Linwood and Alice Ann	Milledgeville, Ga.	Nov 15	341
Hebe	ch. f.	4	Collier	By Bertrand	Hammond & Lovell	700 p	100	8:01—8:11—8:35	Linwood, Ibarrah, and Minor	Macon, Ga.	Nov. 2	318
Henry Bynum	b. c.	3	Pacific	By Sir Charles	Thos. B. Scruggs	500 p	97	8:14—8:08—11:13	Margaret Armistead and Franklin	St. Louis, Mo.	Jun. 21	172
Jim Allen	b. h.	6	Archy of Transport	By Hamiltonian	Greer & Simmons	2500 s	86	8:41	Extant, in a match	New Orleans, La.	Dec. 12	364
John Guedron	ch. c.	3	Bertrand	Madonna, by Precursor	Thos. J. Robinson	800 p	118	9:03	Imp. Yorkshire	Maysville, Ky.	Sep. 21	269
Joshua Bell	ch. c.	3	Frank	By Little John	Hammond & Lovell	1500 p	90	8:32—8:26—8:18	Charlotte Russe, Leannah, and Mary Gardner	Augusta, Ga.	Feb. 9	13
Joshua Bell	ch. c.	4	Frank	By Little John	Jos. G. Boswell	3000 p	86	7:55—7:59	Extio, Naked Truth, and Jasper	New Orleans, La.	Apr 14	85
Keph	b. h.	5	Hephestion	By Sumpter	Jos. G. Boswell	1000 p	100	8:38	Pressure and Louisianese	St. Francisville, La.	May 3	157
Lady Hope	b. m.	5	Monmo'th Eclipse	By Oscar	Jos. K. Duke	1000 p	110	8:12—8:02—8:27	Dick Johnson, Conflict, Corinna, Sthreshley, R. Burns, Henry Harrison	Louisville, Ky.	June 8	157
Lilly (Imp.)	b. f.	4	The Colonel	Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon	Wm. M. Anderson	1000 p	107	8:58—9:24	Lorenzo and Tarleton	Cincinnati, Ohio	Nov. 7	325
Linnet	ch. m.	5	Imp. Leviathan	Object, by Marshal Ney	Col. Augustus Flud	500 p	99	8:03—8:00	Rienzi and Eliza Garrison	Camden, S. C.	Nov. 6	325
Maid of Southanna	b. f.	4	Pamunky	By Tariff	Thos. J. Wells	2000 p	107	8:12—7:56	Melzare, Glorvina, and Fanny Wright	New Orleans, La.	Mar 30	69
Maria Black (Imp)	bl. f.	4	Filho da Puta	By Smolensko	P. B. Winston	500 s	97	8:40—8:50—8:38	Lady Russell, in a match	Tree Hill, Va.	May 7	126
Maria Duke	ch. f.	3	Medoc	Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter	Henry A. Tayloe	2000 p	97	7:52-7:55-8:04-8:27	Melzare, Pollard Brown, and The Poney	New Orleans, La.	Dec 15	365
Martin Van Buren	b. g.	5	Lafayette Stock'r.	Squaw, by Indian	A. Haralson	1000 p	83	8:30—8:11	Keph	Cincinnati, Ohio	Sep. 28	277
Mary Selden	b. m.	5	Sussex	Glorvina's d., by Bay Richmond	Wm. Peters	200	107	8:18—8:17	Polly Hopkins, by Splendor	La Fayette, Ind.	Oct. 16	400
Mary Wynn	b. f.	4	Eclipse	Flirtilla, by Sir Archy	Dr. G. L. Stockett	1000 p	111	8:11½—8:19	Kitty Heth	Camden, N. J.	Oct. 27	307
Mary Wynn	b. m.	5	Eclipse	Flirtilla, by Sir Archy	Col. Wm. Wynn	1000 p	97	8:12—8:24	Imp. Maria Black and Kite	Montgomery, Ala.	Jan. 26	5
Mary Vaughan	b. f.	4	Waxy	Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster	Col. Wm. Wynn	p	107		Scipio (by Imp. Leviathan)	Tuscumbia, Ala.	Nov 23	349
Master Henry	b. h.	5	Henry	Balie Peyton's dam, by Eclipse	W. T. Ward	1200 p	97	8:16—8:14	Queen Mary, Tarleton, Celestion, and Splendor	Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 20	306
Master Henry	b. h.	5	Henry	Balie Peyton's dam, by Eclipse	James B. Kendall	300 p	110		Polly Moss	Frederick, Md.	Sept. 6	245
Merino Ewe	gr. m.	5	Jerry	By Pantaloon	James B. Kendall	800 p	110	8:28—8:26—8:44	B. f. by Pamunky, and one other	Warrenton Sp'gs, V	Sep 21	365
Monarch (Imp)	b. c.	4	Imp. Priam	Delphine, by Whisker	Col. John Long	1000 p	107	9:43—9:54—10:04	Frances Tyrrell and Bay Bill	Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Dec, 6	412
Monarch (Imp)	b. c.	4	Imp. Priam	Delphine, by Whisker	Col. Wade Hampton	700 p	102	8:07	Big John	Columbia, S. C.	Nov 20	341
Naked Truth	gr. m.	5	Imp. Leviathan	Ellen Mar, by Pacolet	Col. Wade Hampton	1500 p	102	8:10—8:36	Gerow and Clodhopper	Augusta, Ga.	Dec 13	357
Omega	gr. f.	4	Timoleon	Daisy Cropper, by Ogle's Oscar	Col. A. L. Bingaman	1200 p	107	8:06½—8:16	Frances Tyrrell	Natchez, Miss.	Mar 23	60
Othello	bl. h.	6	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Col. F. Thompson	800 p	97	7:40—8:01	Mediator, Medora, Prince George, and Wonder	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 4	277
Pactolus	ch. c.	4	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Ragland & Davis	700 p	118	8:28	Victoria, by Eclipse	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 5	285
Pactolus	ch. c.	4	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Henry A. Tayloe	800 p	100		Cleopatra, who bolted	Greensboro', Ala.	May 17	133
Pete Whetstone	ch. c.	3	Imp. Leviathan	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Tayloe & Johnson	800 p	100	8:04—8:10—8:17	Pete Whetstone and Liz	Greensboro', Ala.	Nov. 1	320
Pete Whetstone	ch. c.	3	Imp. Leviathan	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Col. Robert Smith	3000 s	86		Received ft. in a match from Lorinda	Columbus, Miss.	Oct. 4	325
Pollard Brown	b. c.	4	Wild Bill	Hippy, by Pacolet	Col. Robert Smith	600 p	86	8:30—8:43	The Poney, Ann Eliza, and Secretary	Columbus, Miss.	Oct. 19	318
Prince George	b. h.	6	Industry	Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar	Col. R. B. Harrison	1000 p	100	7:49—7:48	Melzare and Virginia Fairfield	Mobile, Ala.	Nov. 30	348
Prince George	b. h.	6	Industry	Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar	Dr. G. W. Duvall	500 p	118	8:04½—8:07	Medora and Tom Walker	Up. Marlboro', Md.	Sep. 28	278
Pressure	b. c.	3	Trumpator	Eliza Jenkins, by Sir Wm. of T.	Dr. G. W. Duvall	1000 p	118	8:13	Willis and Scipio (by Zinganee)	Washington, D. C.	May 4	326
Queen of Trumps	gr. f.	3	Imp. Leviathan	Fanny Maria, by Pacolet	Wm. R. Barrow	800 p	86		Walked over	Plaquemine, La.	Apr 21	93
Red Tom	ch. c.	4	Bertrand	Duch. of Marlbro', by Sir Archy	Col. Thos. Watson	600 p	83	8:12—8:43	Young Sir Charles and Expunge	Gallatin, Tenn.	Sep. 21	277
Rhoda Crump	ch. m.	5	Sir Charles	By Sir Alfred	Dr. W. A. Leland	800 p	100	8:40	Merino Ewe	Livingston, Ala.	Nov 16	412
Rosin-the-bow	b. c.	4	Bertrand	Lady Grey, by Robin Grey	John G. Shegog	400 p	107	9:25	Maria Miller	Jackson, Tenn.	Sep. 28	349
Sarah Bladen	ch. f.	4	Imp. Leviathan	Morgiana, by Pacolet	A. Webster	750 s	100		Received ft. from three in a sweepstake for 4 yr. olds	Columbus, Miss.	Oct. 10	325
Sir Ariss	gr. c.	4	Trumpator	Ophelia, by Wild Medley	James Jackson	5000 s	97	8:50	Leila, in a post match, get of Leviathan vs. Luzborough	Nashville, Tenn.	May 23	125
Sir Kenneth	gr. h.	6	Mons. Tonson	Aurora	Wm. J. Minor	1000 p	100		Angora, John Anderson, and Woodsman	Grand Gulf, Miss.	Nov. 9	357
Steel	b. c.	3	Imp. Fylde	Dimont, by Constitution	Wm. D. Amis	2000 s	118	8:22	Ch. c. by Bertrand Jr., in a match	Columbus, Ga.	May 3	157
Steel	b. c.	4	Imp. Fylde	Dimont, by Constitution	Wm. McCargo	1000 p	90	8:05½—8:02	Charlotte Russe, John Guedron, Dorabella, and Rienzi	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 21	37
Stockton	b. h.	5	Eclipse	Iris, by Sir Archy	Wm. McCargo	600 p	100	8:27—8:21	Spindle	Tree Hill, Va.	Oct. 12	285
Turnbull	gr. h.	5	Phenomenon	By Sir Andrew	Edward J. Wilson	500 p	110	8:34—9:08	Drumgoole, Spartacus, and Miss De Bar	Southhampton, Va.	Sep 20	269
Vashti	b. f.	3	Imp. Leviathan	Slazy, by Bullock's Mucklejohn	Griffin Edmonson	750 p	110		Walked over	Macon, Ga.	Mar 23	61
Wagner	ch. c.	3	Sir Charles	Maria West, by Marion	D. McDaniel	1000 p	83	8:25—8:11	Chifney, Sally Riot, and b. c. by Imp. Fylde	Raleigh, N. C.	Nov 22	332
Wagner	ch. c.	4	Sir Charles	Maria West, by Marion	Jas. S. Garrison	2500 p	86	7:44—7:57	Extio and Pete Whetstone	New Orleans, La.	April 7	77
Wagner	ch. c.	4	Sir Charles	Maria West, by Marion	Jas. S. Garrison	2000 p	100	8:45—9:11	Sarah Bladen	New Orleans, La.	Dec. 8	357
Zelina	b. m.	5	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	Jas. S. Garrison	1000 p	100	7:55—7:55	Zelina and Paul Jones	Mobile, Ala.	Mar 16	52
Zelina	b. m.	5	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	Henry A. Tayloe	800 p	107	8:52—8:33	Frances Tyrrell	Selma, Ala.	Nov 15	349
———	ch. f.	3	Woodpecker	By Whipster	Henry A. Tayloe	2000 p	107	8:13—8:10—8:10	Wagner	New Orleans, La.	Dec 31	389
					Geo. W. Cheatham	400 p	83	8:19—9:20	Mary Mott and b. c. by Pacific	Paris, Tenn.	Oct. 11	358

LETTER FROM "CAPTAIN" ON BREEDING.

FORT GIBSON, (Arks.) 25th January, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—In my letter on breeding for the Turf, (in No. 42, Vol. 8,) I expressed the opinion that regard should be paid to the climate, soil, and food of each animal; and that it would prove advantageous to cross Northern and Southern horses, or those reared under different circumstances; attributing, in part, the success of Imp. Stallions to this difference of climate. As I do not write to advance a *theory*, but am only desirous to draw attention to an important branch of agricultural pursuits, I will adduce some examples which occur to my recollection, which appear to contravene this opinion.

The first get of *Timoleon* in Virginia, where he was bred, (Washington, Sally Walker, and Sally McGee,) were of great celebrity; but his get in Tennessee, where he was removed, are not known to fame; while Boston, Omega, and Virginia Fairfield, produced when he returned to Virginia, elevate him to his former pinnacle. In that state, his native soil, *Carolinian* begot Bayard, Red Rover, and Lady Pest; but in Tennessee he produced none of note. In South Carolina, his *natale solum*, *Kosciusko* produced Clara Fisher, Multiflora, Lady of the Lake, and Betsey Robbins; but in Kentucky, none of his get have equalled those in performance. The same remark will apply to *Crusader*, when in South Carolina and Tennessee. The winners by American *Eclipse* which have conferred fame upon him in the stud, were bred in the section of country which gave him birth; while his get in Virginia, by no means equal them.

I am convinced, however, that these examples, though they appear to controvert my argument, should be attributed to a different cause—to their powers having been overtasked, or more frequently called on, when abroad, than when at home. That this was the case with Kosciusko and Crusader, is certain, as they were limited to a few mares in South Carolina; while their patronage was much increased when standing in the West. That this was the case with Eclipse is more than probable, and in a less degree, with Timoleon.

I shall never be persuaded that breeders really desire the *improvement* of the breed of horses, until they cease to patronize stallions that are *not limited*. In England, valuable stallions are always limited; and to a number rarely exceeding forty; and doubtless this is judicious conduct. One of their writers remarks, that the Prince of Wales gave to the farmers in the neighborhood of his breeding farm, the use of a stallion, gratis, except the groom's fee; and that the cupidity of this servant requiring the horse to cover six or eight mares a day, the stock so bred was always of the meanest description; being worthless, leggy animals.

This morning I parted with a friend of Academic years, who has been my inmate for a few days, after a separation of long date. When I inform you that he is the famed PETE WHETSTONE of the "Spirit," yourself and readers will envy me the feast of reason and the flow of wit, which I have enjoyed in his society. He is, indeed, a fellow of "infinite jest." Long may it be, before we shall have to say, Alas! poor Yorick. He contemplates visiting you in a few months, and will sojourn with some of the choice spirits of my native state (South Carolina), before he returns to Arkansas. He has doubtless written you an account of the sweepstakes recently run here, which he came to attend, and must, I think, have gathered materials for a "Pete" or two. Fancy one of the "bone and sinew," of the most grotesque appearance, his "knowledge box" surmounted by a fox-skin cap of towering dimensions, offering a bet to an officer in the following terms:—"Well, Capting, though you *are* a blooded nag, and I am but a *scrub*, I'll bet you $10 on the race"—and you will form but a faint idea of the looks, sayings, and doings, of DENNIS BIGGS of these parts.

Hear another of these originals prefacing a banter on the son of Imp. Barefoot:—"I believe in *John Belcher* strong; because I, and Barefoot, and a cask of brandy, and six chests of gunpowder tea, were all smuggled over in the same vessel. I'm a clever man at home, a great man on a race course, a mighty man to improve a small town in a new country, and I'm good company any where. I know how to bet on a horse race, for I was born in a stable, and cradled in a manger." To which a bystander replied, that he was then beyond doubt a colt. Being less loquacious after the race, he was maliciously informed by an acquaintance, that he was not such "good company" then, as he had been.

Yours, CAPTAIN.

P.S. As some of your subscribers appear to be at a loss for names for their nags, and as it is customary to name fillies after ladies, I send you two names, after two belles in this region; their oddity, not their euphony, must recommend them. Here they are:—Julianna Terrapin, and Betsey Chickencock.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "P. OF L."

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23, 1839.

My Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure of announcing to you, that the *first*, if not the foremost of the 29, (*Maria Shepherd,*) has produced her foal, by Priam (entered in the mammoth stake of $145,000,) for which you will remember the name of *Hector* was bespoken some time ago.

My friend H. M. C., of Tenn., speaks of him after this manner:—

"It will be gratifying to you to learn that young Hector has made his appearance amongst us; he was foaled on Tuesday morning, the 12th inst. (February, 1839); he is of fair size, good bay color, *no* white—handsome head and ear—deep Sir Archy shoulders—short back, and pretty croup; strong stifles, long thighs, Tonson-like hocks or hambs. I saw him yesterday evening—then about 60 hours old, and without flattery, say to you, sir, that he is a *prize*."

Well, this will do for a beginning. *Such* a compliment, from *such* a source, is most *flattering*.

The good news don't stop here; he adds—"*Black Maria* is *certainly* with foal." Let old Ironsides send forth her artillery, and may I not consider the *change* mine, and lay it out in a sugar plantation at once?

I hope to be able, through the *great sheet*, to get my foals in STRATTON'S *Stud Book*. As for EDGAR'S 2d Vol., it will never be published. He will not publish it until the 1st is sold, and he will not sell the 1st Vol.; or what is the same thing, he will not permit his friends at a distance to sell it for him. I offered to have several boxes of them sold at Nashville, by an "honest man and true," but the old knight flew off the helve, even with me, one of his best friends, then and now, and refused to send the books, unless the rhino was lumped up on the nail. It is in the West and South where everything about horses will sell, at any price; there is the place to send Edgar's Stud Book; everybody wants it, and nobody can get it. I purchased the first one I ever saw, and carried it in my saddle-bags 500 miles, and it is so much in demand in my neighborhood, that I do not see it more than once a year. This book is the very highest authority, and affords more information on the subject of pedigrees, than all the rest of the *horse books* yet published in the United States. It is a work which should be in the hands of every breeder, but the fault is not in the public—I speak of the Western public—but in the old gentleman himself, that the first volume is not in more general use. I have not a doubt but every remaining copy he has can be sold in Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama, in six months after he shall have authorised the books to be sent on. Has he confidence in no man? I assure him solemnly—and I am sure he does not believe I would deceive him—that there are a great many men in the states I have named, that would not steal one of his books, bad as they want them, but would make a fair return of the sales. Now if my old friend Sir PATRICK will not send his book to market, let us hear no more about entombing his manuscripts for the 2d Vol. across the waters. I want the book, and am too much his friend to withhold from him the fact, that the public are growing wearied with such flummery. I am grieved to see my old friend pursuing a course calculated to deprive him of that *pecuniary* remuneration to which his expense and labor entitle him, and to that *immortality* which awaits the completion of the work.

But, Sir, I only intended to have announced the birth of the young Trojan. But I have often thought that there was a mistake as to our *horse-republic's* being ungrateful to this era of its benefactors, and if I can be instrumental in effecting an *amicable* and *honorable* adjustment of this matter, I will be most happy.

Stratton, I know, will publish, and that before long, his Stud Book; but the model of the two are so different, each being excellent in its kind, that there need not, and ought not, to be any rivalry or competition amongst the friends of the two works. Let us have light—*horse-light*. Give us these works, and if any man is deceived in a pedigree, it will be his own fault—always supposing that if he is a man of *taste* or *fashion*, he takes the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, and *pays for it*.

I am, very truly,

Your friend and ob'd't serv't, P. OF L.

A Whopper.—We have heard of a man who is so tall that his pantaloons have to be wove in a rope-walk. He folds up like a two-foot rule, and has to get on his knees to put his hands in his pockets.

PETE WHETSTONE'S LAST FROLIC.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED, Jan. 9, 1839.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Since the last time I writ you, I have had all sorts of times; I took a trip away out South. Well, when I got to the Rock, I was in a big hurry to keep on, so I walked up early in the morning to Goodrich and Loomis, thinking I would rig out in a suit of their best, but they hadn't opened their store; so I steps into another, and bought me a pair of red broadcloth britches. The fellow measured me, and put up a pair that he said would fit me to a shaving. So I stuffs them into my saddle-bags, and put out South. Well, when I gets out, I was asked to a party, and I rigged myself up; but oh, lordy! my britches were big enough for the fat man what was blowed up in the steamboat. I had my gallowses up to the last notch, but it wouldn't all do, for I could have carried a grist of corn in them without stretching the cloth. I hardly knew what to do; my old britches couldn't do at all, and my new ones hung like a shirt on a bean-pole. Thinks I, there is no frolic for Pete; but just right at this time in pops Major Greene. "Well," says he, "Kurnel, aint you ready to go?" Says I, "I am thinking I won't go."—"Why?" says he.—"Look at my britches," says I. Well, he commenced laughing; says he, "Them britches were made for Daniel Lambert."—"Well," says I, "Daniel Lambert is a stranger to me, but I know they are a pretty loose fit."—"Oh, never mind them," says he; "come, go, and nobody will notice them." So I went. I found lots of people, and an abundance of pretty gals. Well, there was no dancing, and the folks were all sitting round the room; so I slips in a corner, thinking I would hide my britches. Presently some gentleman asked a lady to sing; so up she gits, and he leads her to something in the corner, that looked like the nicest kind of a chest. Well, she opened the lid, and it was right chuck full of horse-teeth; she just run her hand across them, and I never heard such a noise in all my life. I whispered to the next fellow to me, and asked what sort of a varmint that was? "Why, Kurnel," says he, "that is a pe-anny." Well, the young lady commenced, and I never heard such singing. I forgot my britches, and started to walk close up to the pe-anny, when I heard them tittering. "Daniel Lambert," says one—then I knew they were laughing at my britches. So I feels my dander rising, and began to get mad; I walked right up, bold as a sheep. There was a sort of a dandy looking genius standing by the pe-anny.—Says he "Now do, Miss, favor us with that delightful little ditty—my favorite—you know it." Then she commenced,

"When the Belly-aker is hearn over the sea,
I'll dance the Ronny-aker by moonlight with thee."

That is all I recollect. When she got through, up steps Maj. Green, and introduces me to her. Says she, (and I tell you she looked pretty,) "Col. Whetstone, what is your favorite?" Says I, "Suit yourself, and you suit me." And that made her laugh. Well, right at that, up steps a fellow that looked as if he had been sent for and couldn't go. Says he, "Miss, will you give me 'the last link is broken?'"—"Why," says she, "indeed, sir, I have the most wretched cold in the world."—"Why, Miss," says I, "you wouldn't call yours a bad cold if you had seen Jim Cole arter he lay out in the swamp and catched cold." "Why," says she, (and lord, but she looked killing,) "how bad was his cold?" "Why, Miss," says I, "he didn't quit spitting ice till the middle of August." That made her laugh. "Well," says she, "Kurnel Whetstone, that cures my cold." So she commenced—

"The last link is broking that binds you to me,
The words you have spoken is sorry to I."

Well, arter the lady was over, they all went into supper; lots of good things. I sat next to a young lady, and I heard them saying, "Miss, with your permission, I'll take a piece of the turkey," and so on. I sees a plate of nice little pickles.—"Miss, with your permission, I'll take a pickle," and she said I might do so. I reached over and dipped up one on my fork—it was small, and I put the whole of it in my mouth. Oh, lordy! but it burnt;—well, the more I chawed the worse it was. Thinks I, if I swallow, I am a burnt koon. Well, it got too hot for human nater to stand; so says I, "Miss, with your permission, I'll lay this pickle back," and I spit it out. Oh, lordy! what laughing. "Excuse me, ladies, if I have done wrong," says I, "but that pickle is too hot for the Devil's fork." Everybody seemed to take the thing in good part, but one chap; says he, "I never seed such rude behavior in all my life." At that I turns round to him; says I, "Look here, Mister, if you don't like the smell of fresh bread, you had better quit the bakery." Well, I tell you, that shot up his fly-trap quicker. Arter supper the party broke up. Oh, confound the britches! I wish the fellow that made them could be fed on cloth for twelve months. Even the little boys make fun of them, for I heard one singing—

"Mister, Mister, who made your britches?
Daddy cut them out, and mammy sowed the stitches."

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

LIVINGSTON (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Commenced over the *Picton Course* on Monday, 12th Nov. The following report is from the Secretary:—

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. E. Long's b. f. *Sarah Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap	1 1
M. E. Gary's ro. c. *Sleepy Davy*, pedigree unknown	dist.

Time not given.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. John Long's (David Conner's) b. f. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 y.	1 1
Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, dam by ——, 5 yrs	2 2
A. B. Newsam's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 y	dist.
Dr. Z. Meriwether's ch. f. by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 4:04—4:07.

Calanthe was entirely green, having been in training but two weeks, and the *blackey* upon her would have done as well had he been a bag of sand. She was distanced by his bad management.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—J. C. Purse $600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Dr. Wm. A. Leland's b. c. *Bay Bill*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs	1 1
Wm. E. Long's gr. m. *Union*, by Jerry, dam by Josephus, 5 yrs	dist.

Won easily. Time not kept.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—J. C. Purse $800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlboro, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1 1
Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs	dist.

Won without a struggle. Time not kept.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. J. Burton's (W. E. Long's) b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs	1 1 1
Daniel Gray's br. h. *Cock Robin*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs	2 2 2
Edward Johnson's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs	3 dist.
R. Tarborough's gr. f. *Volant*, by Helm's Democrat, dam omitted	dr

Time, 2:06—2:01—2:07.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $300 each, h. ft. —— heats.

A. B. Newsam's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	rec'd ft.

The match that was to have come off on Monday, between *Volant* and *Billy Barlow*, was no go—the horse being amiss, paid forfeit.

The match between *Switch* and *Joe Sykes* was won by the latter after a hard contest, in 2:01½. It was a heavy betting race; the rhino was planked up with a gift.

The rain fell in torrents during the whole week, with hardly any cessation, which accounts for the bad time made this meeting, as the track is among the best in the Western country.

JOHN J. JEWELL, *Sec'y*.

L. E. L.—No one who was intimate with the deceased and had witnessed the elasticity of her spirits, her gentle, affectionate disposition, her vivid enjoyment of life, even in the greatest retirement, and amid the simplest pleasures, could suppose her capable of the rash act imputed to her. We all know, whatever any one says, that she was subject to the most violent spasms in the head and stomach, and that when on a visit four years since she used laudanum so carelessly, that Mr. —— told her she would certainly poison herself. During that same night she received a letter from a friend, which she read aloud. He was subject to similar attacks, and said, "I have received the greatest benefit from taking very minute portions of prussic acid." She expressed her determination to try it, and we all spoke against it. There can be no doubt that the verdict was a just one, and that it was carelessness. If misfortune, or any other earthly trouble, could have tempted her to such a deed, it would have been committed long since, and even the world would be forced to allow it, were they in full possession of all the trials of her life; but a more generous, affectionate sister and daughter never existed; she was not, as some would represent her, a melancholy sentimentalist; she was a bright, joyous creature, with a countenance radiant with smiles, and that looked as if trouble had never come near her.

Correspondent of the London Times.

Agricultural.

AN ESSAY ON THE QUESTION,

"Whether the breed of live stock, connected with Agriculture, be susceptible of the greatest improvement from the qualities conspicuous in the male, or from those conspicuous in the female parents?"

BY THE REV. HENRY BERRY, ACTON BEAUCHAMP, WORCESTERSHIRE.

This Essay is copied from "The British Farmer's Magazine," of the 13th Nov., in which there is the following note:—

"The Highland Society of Scotland awarded Mr. Berry their Honorary Medal for his Essay on this subject; but as by the rules of the Society we could not avail ourselves of the Paper for our first Number, the Essay has been kindly rewritten for us, which circumstance will account for any literal variation, though the matter will be found the same."

It will be acknowledged by every competent judge, that the question proposed by the Highland Society is one abounding in difficulties, but it is hoped that the facts and arguments which shall be hereafter used, will prove that the writer has bestowed upon the subject a considerable degree of attention, and that he has not presumed to intrude visionary opinions, unconfirmed by the test of experience, or adopted without the previous labor of investigation and reflection.

That the discovery of an *independent* faculty (if such exist) in the male or female parent, to confer peculiar properties on the offspring, would be attended with beneficial results to the breeders of animals connected with agriculture, must at once be admitted; and this impression, generally entertained, is probably one of the causes which have led to the assignment of such peculiar faculty to the sexes alternately, as circumstances have occurred which appeared to justify such opinion. No fact is more notorious than this, that many breeders consider certain horses or mares to confer striking characteristic traits on their offspring. The same also is asserted respecting neat cattle, and it may be added, that such peculiarity is principally assigned to the male. In order that the writer may render more effective his arguments against the correctness of such opinions, it is purposed briefly to state what are conceived to be the circumstances which have led to its adoption, and to exhibit them in their true light, as not justifying the conclusions to which they have led.

During all periods since agriculture has obtained any considerable degree of attention, greater or less care, according to circumstances, has been paid to the different breeds of animals, whose improvement formed an important branch of rural economy. An obvious consequence of this care, resulting scarcely less from a laudable degree of emulation, than from a desire of lucrative improvement, would be the production of an improved race of *males*; the male animal affording advantages superior to the female for the improvement of the species, inasmuch as he is available to a number of the latter, while the services of the female must be restricted to her single, or little more numerous produce of the year, as the case might be. Further, it may be observed that in earlier times, as in the present, the majority of breeders would pursue their object of improvement with the less expensive and easily acquired herd of ordinary females, looking to the selected males for the accomplishment of their wishes. Few would possess means calculated to breed a *stallion*, as few also would have a cow sufficiently good in quality to produce a bull for the improvement of stock. The ideas entertained respecting the requisites of a sire would probably be similar, and lead to the adoption of a general standard of excellence, towards which it would be required that each male should approximate, and thus there would exist, among what may be termed fashionable sires, a corresponding form and character, different and superior to those of the general stock of the country. This form and character, it may be observed, would in most instances have been *acquired by perseverance in breeding from animals which possessed the important or fancied requisites*, and might therefore be said to be almost *confirmed* in such individuals. Under these circumstances, striking results would, doubtless, follow the introduction of such sires into a common stock; results which would induce superficial observers to remark, that individual sires possessed properties as *males*, which in fact were only assignable to them as improved animals. A horse of the foregoing description, bred from ancestors of qualities similar to his own, would impress his offspring strongly, the mares with which he bred possessing no *determinate* character or form, as regarded their descent, being the produce of heterogenous connection, of the co-mingling of perhaps a hundred different shapes, and consequently possessing no tendency to any one in particular. Further, the female produce, one annually, would be presented too rarely to afford a conviction similar to that entertained in favor of the male, among whose numerous colts of the year, there must be, even by chance, a considerable number bearing his features. In these, and in similar circumstances, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the opinion originated of our breeds of cattle being more susceptible of improvement from the male, than from the female parent.

In the present day, effects of the same nature have produced the same opinions, and the highly improved state of some of our agricultural stock has contributed greatly to strengthen and confirm them. It is observable, however, that the assignment of this intrinsic property is not made now, so exclusively as formerly, to the male. The female has also obtained her advocates, who, without advancing any argument in support of their doctrine, maintain it nevertheless with considerable pertinacity. It is presumed that the cause of this partial change in public opinion, may be easily assigned. To persons conversant with improved breeding, it is well known that of late years numerous sales have taken place of the entire stock of celebrated breeders of *sires*, and consequently that the females, valuable for such purpose, have passed into a number of hands. Unfortunately, persons who have on these occasions become possessed of a fine female, have not always been equally successful with regard to a male; the high prices at which such animals have sold, having placed an impediment in their way, or a disposition to deem one step towards improvement adequate to the promotion of their views, having led them to remain contented with a measure, which to a certain extent, would benefit their stock; but which must also as certainly be considered a sacrifice of the high bred females in question. Such persons have introduced a cow so acquired, to a bull, inferior in point of descent, and general good qualities; and the offspring has proved superior to the sire, by virtue of the dam's excellence, to which by certain degrees it would approximate; and thus has arisen an opinion, that particular females, also, possessed the property of impressing their characteristics upon the offspring.

That high blood, or in other words, that animals long and successfully selected, and bred with a view to particular qualifications, impress their descendants in the manner here intimated, is a fact too well established in experience to be overthrown by any of the chance exceptions which may, no doubt, be taken against this, as well as against other rules; and to high blood it is, that the writer ascribes the quality, whether in the male or female parent, which the Highland Society has been desirous to assign correctly; and he is not without a hope that it will be thought he has shown in as satisfactory a manner as a case, where much must depend on conjecture, will admit of, how it has happened that the opinions prevalent on this subject ever came to be entertained.

The next object will be to support his opinion by the evidence which certain facts present, as he thinks, conclusively in its favor.

The blood stallion, *Militiaman*, covered several seasons at Bromyard, in Herefordshire. His colts were generally of a chesnut color, and partook in a striking degree of his peculiar form. He was consequently pointed out as a horse impressing his stock with his own characteristic: and instanced as a proof of the existence of this peculiarity in the male. But it should be remarked that in no district, where a tolerable number of colts are bred, are worse mares to be found, than around Bromyard. They are promiscuously and ill-bred, and deficient in good form and character. Militiaman is a chesnut horse, bred from a tribe also principally chesnut. Is it then surprising that this horse, crossed with mares destitute of characteristic features, and bred in such a manner as to possess no predisposition to any particular form or color, should impress his colts with his own peculiarities, derived from breed, or particular descent? It is presumed that no other result could reasonably be anticipated.

Mr. John Heming, Acton Beauchamp, Worcestershire, had for some years a stock of common Hereford cows, of red color, with white faces, which uniformly produced calves of the same color. To this stock Mr. Heming used a bull, of the improved breed, *one season only*. The consequence was, that the bull's marks, dark spots on the face, appeared in almost all his calves, and are prevalent in his descendants, to the present day. Mr. Heming's originals were indiscriminately collected, and deficient in breed or uniformity of characteristic, except in the white face. They were generally improved by the introduction of the well-bred bull; and his *breed*, it is suggested, manifested its influence by the manner in which he conferred his peculiar color.

Mr. Woodward, of Birlingham, Worcestershire, purchased twelve deep-milking Yorkshire cows, without pretensions to breed, or disposition to fatten. With these cows he used a high-bred Hereford bull, and in the produce lost the the disposition to milk, acquiring that of laying on fat. In a similar experiment with the same cows and another Hereford bull, in the following year, he experienced precisely the same results. Comment is hardly necessary on these strong cases.

The writer has been some years in possession of an improved breed of pigs, which are chiefly of a sandy or brown color. His sows of this breed, crossed with common country boars, almost invariably produce litters of their own color. Size only has been obtained by the cross. The same results have followed the use of his boars with country sows; but the fact which speaks most forcibly for his argument is, that a litter of pigs from one of these half-bred sows, by a high-bred boar he is now using, of a white tribe, are all white; blood thus strikingly evincing its efficacy in conferring characteristic traits.

The writer's brother was also lately in possession of well-bred pigs, whose peculiarity consisted in a short pricked ear. The produce of these pigs, when crossed with the large pendant-eared swine of North Wales, was invariably similar in the ear to the latter-bred animal, whether male or female.

Hitherto the instances and arguments adduced have been confined to the structure, or external marks of animals, and if a satisfactory conclusion may be drawn respecting these, the question proposed by the Highland Society as to disposition must be involved in it. A brief remark shall therefore suffice, offered more with a view to show that opinions are very erroneously entertained on this subject, than from a conviction that the proceeding is necessary.

The writer has known many tribes of animals disposed to break from their pastures, and has consequently heard it asserted that particular cows conferred the disposition on their offspring. Now the fact is, this was no matter of *disposition* at all, but was a *consequence* of the animals in question having very thin hides, which rendered them impatient of heat and the attack of flies. It is thus too frequently that, for want of due attention, effects are ascribed to wrong causes.

To suppose that either the male or female parent possess an *independent inherent propensity* to impress their offspring, is to embarrass the pursuit of breeding in no trifling degree. Most persons can judge of the fitness of that proceeding which aims to improve the produce of an inferior animal by the introduction of one superior. That like will produce like, or that in ordinary instances, two good animals will breed a third good one, appears probable to every capacity, from a consideration of very common principles, notwithstanding admitted exceptions to general rules. But to suppose that an independent sexual ability exists in either male or female, appears calculated to unsettle the doctrines of skilful men, and to lead to the adoption, in their stead, of opinions unsupported by a reference to any known principles, of leaving very important interests to the dangerous conduct of a blind guide.

If it could be proved that stock are more susceptible of improvement from the male parent, the question then would be, how is a male, possessing the requisites, to be obtained? Surely it will not be replied, that his being begotten by such male would alone be sufficient, without the possession of excellence on the dam's side. It is possible that a good male may beget a son equally good as himself in *externals*, from an ill-bred, bad female, but it is certain that such son will prove comparatively an inferior stock-getter, it being an established fact, that animals *breed back* in point of resemblance; and it is therefore considered necessary, for the object of improvement, or to retain excellence, to have a pedigree as little dubious as possible, for several generations. So important, indeed, is this fact of correct descent, that many breeders, who have from causes which it is difficult to ascertain, a well-bred animal of defective form, venture to use him, relying on his blood, and experience no reason for regret that they have done so. But what, in such circumstances, is the mode of proceeding? Is such male used indiscriminately to all the females, or is it considered necessary to check his tendency towards defective form by good points counteracting in the females? Undoubtedly such care is taken, and thus the system of judiciously counteracting defects on either side, whether male or female, is successfully practised, in preference to one adopted on the belief of the existence of an independent sexual capability.

It has been already remarked, that the great improvement made during late years in our breeds of stocks, has tended greatly to promote the agitation of the question at issue. This is easily accounted for. Various circumstances have combined to rouse the attention of farmers to the unprofitable state of their stocks. The consequence has been, that well-bred mares have been resorted to, and the produce of the first cross has so far exceeded the most sanguine hopes, taking its character in externals, as well as in positive utility, in a great measure from the well-bred male, that new advocates for the opinion in his favor have thus been added to the number which previously existed.

A reference to the stock of any professional bull breeder would serve to show how erroneous is the opinion founded on such grounds. It would then be seen that, upon the whole, the produce of different years are subject but to little fluctuation in point of excellence, supposing the requisite skill to be practised by the breeder. The system of crossing the different males and females being correctly understood, and above all, *the females also being well bred*, the standard of excellence is supported with tolerable uniformity; and though occasionally an extraordinary animal makes its appearance, none of the effects are apparent which excites surprise when the male only, or the female, happens to be well-bred. Contrast this state of things with that which will be apparent in the inferior stock, to improve which, the well-bred bull is put in requisition. There it is that the produce astonishes, for there the sire impresses characteristics peculiarly his own. If it be argued, why it does so, the answer is easy, for the reason is obvious. His excellences are the accumulated acquisitions of many ancestors; they are positive, and in comparison, fixed; while the cows, with which he has been used, possess little or no character, and have been bred without regard to any point but the production of animals to increase the stock upon the farm.

It is conceived that a few facts in corroboration of this reasoning, may be here appropriately introduced. They will be derived from the history of the improved Short-Horns, a breed of cattle with which the writer appears to be best acquainted.

Mr. Colling's bull *Comet* impressed the generality of his stock with his own peculiar traits in so remarkable a degree, that it was easy for a stranger to select them from a great number of animals. But in Comet, it should be remembered, centred what was called the best blood, and it ought to be remarked, that, at that period, good Short-Horns were not very numerous; and Comet, except in his owner's and Mr. Charge's stocks, was introduced to cows comparatively inferior. It is not, therefore, singular, that from such a bull a stock very superior to the dam's should spring; but in Mr. Colling's own stock, where the cows were also superior, and in Mr. Charge's, to which the same remark applies, no such striking effects followed the use of this bull; the cows possess positive characteristics, the effect of improved breeding, as well as Comet; and if his traits did predominate in a more than usual degree in the offspring, it was principally, only, where cows bore a near affinity to him. The same remarks are applicable to *Major*, a son of Comet. With well-bred cows he proved himself a good bull, but it was when he came to be used with inferior cows that his excellence as a stock-getter was fully revealed; but his merit in this respect is well known. High breed here again predominated in the usual extraordinary manner, for *Major* was by *Comet*, out of the celebrated cow *Lady*, all whose produce sold at prices so high, as strongly to evince how they were regarded in public estimation. Here, then, existed positive qualities, transmitted by descent, on the bull's side, before which the indeterminate character of ill-bred cows gave way, it led to the production of a race better than the females, an improvement to be ascribed to *Major's* blood, and not to any sexual superiority. The same remarks may be made as to *Western Comet*, a son of *Major*, out of a capital cow of Mr. Charge's. All his stock were most excellent, but the bulls' breeding was most pre-eminently evinced in his descendants from ordinary cows. Thus it appears, that when a male and female are especially well-bred, and of nearly equal individual excellence, it is not probable that their produce will exhibit any general proof of a preponderating power in either parent, to impress peculiar characteristics. But should the contrary appear to be the case, upon diligent enquiry it will seldom fail to be ascertained, that peculiar characteristics have been derived from ancestors, which, under certain circumstances of contact, or crossing, have become prominent features in the offspring. A simple case will illustrate this remark. Suppose the ancestors of a bull, in the third or fourth generation, to have possessed defective shoulders, but that defect not to exist in himself, in consequence of close attention on the part of his breeder, Cross such a bull with a cow defective in her shoulders, and probably the defect will exist in the offspring in an increased degree, and will obtain for the dam the character of breeding a produce similar to herself. Whereas, in fact, this is an injudicious cross, made in ignorance, or disregard of the fact, that animals *breed back*; that they possess a greater tendency to defect than to perfection; and that the only safe mode of breeding is, that of strictly scrutinizing the pretensions of ancestors.

With regard to the bulls which have been instanced, *Comet*, *Major*, and *Western Comet*, had they been bred from cows of very inferior blood, although they might have possessed excellent form, with other good qualities, experience assures us that they could not have deserved regard as *sires*. *Comet's* sons, from well-bred cows, begot good animals; but such as were descended from inferior females, left no reputation behind them, but as *sons of Comet*.

In order that the foregoing reasoning may be understood, and a very common and fatal error guarded against, it is thought necessary to explain as to the terms *High-blood* and *Highly-bred*, that the writer does not mean to attach unmerited value to mere pedigree, unsupported by solid pretensions to excellence; he would only recommend to public estimation that long descent from animals all individually possessed of valuable qualities, which qualities are prominent in their descendants.

If what has been advanced shall appear to be founded in reason, then it is submitted, that with our present stock of information on this subject, our only rational course of proceeding can be adopted by breeders, viz., that of resorting to the best males; at once a simple and efficacious mode of improving such stocks as require improvement, and the sole mode by which stocks, already good, can be preserved in their excellence.

A Race!—A novel race came off, last week, not a mile from Uffington, between two men, one of whom was to eat a penny roll while the other ran half a mile, which was won by the "master of the rolls," by six seconds; but in consequence of a stoppage having taken place between the mouth and the stomach the race had nearly proved fatal to him. The race lasted two minutes and a half.

Sunday Times.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs.,viz.:

John S. Corbin, | Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo, | Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo, | John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. RAMSEY, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on Tuesday, 1st May.

[m2] WM. McCARGO

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats.* The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curcullia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curcullia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3:52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curcullia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curcullia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Shreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

EMANCIPATION.

THIS superior English Racer and Stallion will make his present season (1839) at the stable of the subscriber, near Winchester, Va., at $75 the season and $120 to insure, with $1 to the groom in every case. The season will expire on the 1st July, at which time the money for his services will be due, and payment expected. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal or transferred.

All persons sending mares will be required to send their notes with them. Excellent pasturage for mares will be furnished at 50 cents a week, or they will be pleatifully fed on grain, if ordered, at $10 a month, pasturage included. Black servants boarded gratis. The expenses of keeping the mares must be paid for before taking them away.

Emancipation covered last season at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C., who obtained his services for himself and the breeders of the South, at *his particular solicitation.* He is a bay horse, full 15 hands high, of great length and reach, and very commanding figure; and his colts in the southern part of Virginia, now rising one and two years old, are unquestionably the finest ever seen. Certificates to this effect, of more than one hundred respectable gentlemen, could be obtained, were it necessary. They possess the finest forms, size, and bone, of any other horse's get in that section of the State. He stood two seasons in England, where his colts are now two and three years old, and by reference to the racing Calendars, it will be seen that they are winning and gaining for themselves and their sire an enviable reputation. When Emancipation was withdrawn from the turf, he was considered "the best horse in the North, as Priam was in the South of England." Those who have the curiosity to examine, are referred to the 7th vol. November, 1835, of the Turf Register, for his performances on the turf in full. I will give only a brief sketch of his running.

At 2 yrs. old he was beat for the Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, in 1829.

At York, May, 1830, he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., beating two others.

At York August Meeting, 1831, he was beat by Cardinal and Bryan; beating Beagle, Lady Frances, and another. He beat the winner next month.

At Doncaster, for the Great St. Leger, Sept. 21, he was beat by only half a neck, by Birmingham and Priam, by a rush, with near the winning post; beating 25 others, most of them colts of high character.

The same week he was beat by Birmingham, one mile, whom he beat twice afterwards a longer distance.

At Richmond, in October, he was beat for the Gold Cup by Medow and Appollonia, beating Rowntree's, Rossimal, and another.

At Manchester, May, 1831, he ran second to Guido for the Gold Cup, beating Recovery and Independence—not placed. He beat the winner the same distance afterwards.

At Preston, July 12, he won the Stanley Stakes, beating Fylle, Rex, and four others. Even betting on Fylle, and 2 to 1 agst the winner, and high odds agst. any other.

Next day, July 13, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the rest in specie, beating Guido and three others.

At Doncaster, Sept. 19, he won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, beating Birmingham, Treanby, and six others, not placed.

Same place, Sept. 22, for the Gold Cup, he ran 2d to The Sailor, beating Rowton, Birmingham, and three others.

Emancipation was now bought by Lord Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Northallerton, Oct. 13, he won the Hornby Castle Stakes, beating two others.

At Catterick Bridge, 1832, April 25, he won the Craven Stakes, beating Revolution, who was a great winner, and six others.

At Preston, July 11, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, beating Her Highness, Lady Elizabeth (a great winner), and Pickpocket.

At Doncaster, Sept. 18, for all ages, he won the first year of the Doncaster Stakes, beating Colwick and Contest. Colwick was among the best horses of his age in the kingdom.

Having beat the best horses in the North, he went down to Newmarket to run against Priam, but received forfeit in a match of 500 guineas. N.B. Priam allowed a small difference in weight, supposed about equal to Emancipation's journey to Priam's own ground, to wit, 7lbs.

At York, August 8, 1833, one third of the great subscription of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the corporation, 11 subscribers, four miles—Duke of Cleaveland's b. h. Emancipation, by Whisker, walked over.

The next day he was beat for a Silver Tureen, two miles.

☞ The public are assured that he is an uncommon sure foal-getter. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, but I will not be responsible for escapes or accidents. He cost more money in England than any horse ever imported up to his time, not excepting the famous *Chateau Margaux.*

PEDIGREE—*Emancipation* was foaled in 1827, bred by Mr. Riddell, and got by that capital racer and stallion Whisker, winner of the Derby, and full brother to Whalebone, Woful, &c., and sire of Memnon and The Colonel, both winners of the St. Leger; his dam by that excellent stallion Address an, one of the best sons of the famous John Bull, winner of the Derby, and the best horse of his day; his grandam Lady Eliza by Whitworth; his g. g. dam by Spadille, out of Sylvia by Young Marske—Ferret by a brother to Sylvia, by Cade—Regulus—Lord Morton's Arabian—Mixburg—Mulsoby Turk—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk, &c.

Whisker was got by Waxy, the best son of Pot-8-o's, perhaps the best son of the invincible Eclipse, and of Penelope, alike famous on the turf and in the stud, the dam also of Whalebone, and many other capital racers. Penelope was got by Trumpator, out of the Duke of Grafton's famous Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julian by Blank, &c.

Address an was got by John Bull, his dam by Volunteer Evergreen, a highly-bred son of Herod, out of a sister of Calash by Herod—Theresa by Matchem—Regulus—sister to the Ancaster Starling.

John Bull was got by Fortitude, who was got by King Herod, out of a Snap mare; his dam Xantippe by Eclipse—Grecian Princess by Williams' Forester—Coalition Colt, son of the Godolphin Arabian—Bustard—Lord Leigh's Charming Molly by Second.

Whitworth was got by Agonistes, a capital son of the famous Sir Peter Teazle; his dam by Jupiter, out of the celebrated old Tartar mare—Highflyer—Matchem—Old England—Traveller, &c.

It is deemed useless to extend his pedigree farther at this time; suffice it then to say, that it is of the richest and best blood in England, and of the lasting sort. For further particulars see English Stud Book. HECTOR BELL.

Clarke County, Feb. 13, 1839.—[m2.]

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' bred mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby, deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sellard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*— In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him. Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. McCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

Dr. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Office No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2-4m.]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1839.

[The following Circular, to the Subscribers of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, accompanies the *Index* to the last Volume, which has just been issued.]

THE present sheet, containing the *Index*, completes the Ninth Volume of this Magazine. The publication of the *January* and *February* numbers of the succeeding Volume has been delayed for the purpose of improving its appearance and increasing the interest and variety of its contents. During the interval, the proprietorship of the work will have passed into other hands, and its editorial conduct, also, will devolve upon another gentleman, possessing every facility for increasing its usefulness and promoting its character.

The *January* and *February* numbers will appear together in the course of a few weeks, illustrated by two superb Engravings, and the publisher relies upon the marked improvement he trusts they will exhibit, to excuse the delay of their publication. The *March* number will be issued with all possible despatch, and thereafter the Magazine will be published regularly on the first day of each month.

The ensuing volume of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will appear in a new and elegant dress, and *each number* will be embellished with one or more costly Engravings on Steel, by the most eminent artists. Arrangements are also in progress by which the publisher may be enabled to present his subscribers with the most splendid Illustrations of his English contemporaries.

Without material alteration in the *form* of the Magazine, each number will contain from sixteen to twenty-four ADDITIONAL PAGES. The *Racing Calendar*, also, will be re modelled, and printed in a fine clear type, occupying less than half the space it has done hitherto, and the room thus saved will be specially appropriated to the interests of Breeders of Fine Cattle, Sheep, &c., and Agriculturists and Farmers generally.

Arrangements have been made with special reporters and friends of the work, that will hereafter insure the early publication in the Racing Calendar of the Magazine, an authentic report of all races over established Courses, or under the cognizance of a Jockey Club, in every section of the country.

To give a new impulse to the work, and increase the value and interest of its contents, the future Editor has secured the assistance of a numerous circle of intelligent correspondents, whose contributions will comprise articles on every subject within the scope of a Sporting Magazine.

With such assurances from the Breeders and Turfmen of this country, and an extensive correspondence abroad,—with every facility to improve the appearance and useful character of his publication, the Editor bespeaks, for the forthcoming volume, that liberal support it will be his unwearied endeavor to merit.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 19, 1839.

FOR PRIVATE SALE,

BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL, the following BROOD MARES, &c. &c.—to be seen at Dawley Farm, near Hayes, Middlesex.

BENEVOLENCE (foaled in 1831), by Figaro, dam by Shuttle (the dam of Swiss, Sarah, &c.,) her dam Lady Sarah by Fidget, &c.; covered by Langar.

BONNET PET (foaled in 1826), by St. Patrick, dam by Woful, her dam, Gonsalvi's dam by Remembrancer—Phenomenon, &c.; covered by Glaucus (both untried).

CARE (foaled in 1825), by Woful, out of the dam of Camarine and Phosphorus (winner of the Derby), by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet by Waxy—Hare by Sweetbriar—Justice—Chymist—South, &c.; covered by Bay Middleton (horse untried).

CONCILIATION (foaled in 1825), by Moses (winner of the Derby), out of The Duchess by Cardinal York—Miss Nancy by Beningbrough; covered by Bay Middleton (horse untried).

CODICIL (dam of Heiress), by Smolensko (winner of the Derby), out of Legacy by Beningbrough (winner of the St. Leger) & covered by Camel.

CUIRASS (foaled in 1823), by Oiseau (the dam of Elk, Eel, Elm, Emu, &c.), out of Castanea by Gohanna (the dam of Canteen, Cant, &c.; covered by Glaucus (horse untried).

EMMELINA (foaled in 1825)—(the dam of Hock), by Blacklock, out of Agatha by Orville—Star—Young Marske—Telemachus—Regulus; covered by Glaucus (horse untried).

GRACE DARLING (foaled in 1832), got by Defence, dam by Don Cossack (the dam of Desperate, &c.), her dam Mistake, by Waxy—Mentor—Herod, &c. &c.; covered by Sir Hercules (mare untried).

GRISI (foaled in 1833), by Emilius, out of Bravura (the dam of Kate Kearney); covered by The Colonel (mare untried).

HECATE (foaled in 1834), by Chateau Margaux, out of Ogress by Octavius, out of Thalestris (the grandam of Sir Hercules,) by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter, &c.; covered by Nonsense (both untried).

LOUISA (foaled in 1825), by Filho da Puta, her dam Elizabeth by Orville, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator, &c.; covered by Bran, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Velvet by Oiseau, out of Wire (horse untried).

MANDOLINE by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator—Young Camilla by Woodpecker; covered by Glaucus (horse untried).

MIDGE (the dam of Peter Simple, Van, Miss Charlotte, &c.), by Whisker, dam by Cock Robin, g. dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri by Woodpecker; covered by Velocipede.

MINNOW (foaled in 1826), by Filho da Puta, out of Mervinia by Walton, her dam Phantasmagoria by Precipitate, out of Cerberus's dam by Herod, &c.; covered by Glaucus (both untried).

SULTANESS (foaled in 1829), (the dam of Master Cast Off), by Saladin, her dam Kate by Catton, Miss Garforth by Walton, &c.; covered by Velocipede. Saladin was got by Selim, out of Juliana by Gohanna, &c.

TAGLIONI (foaled in 1833), by Camel, out of Romp by Selim—Remembrancer—Æther, by Young Marske—sister to Fleacatcher; covered by The Colonel (mare untried).

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER (foaled in 1834), by The Colonel, out of Cobham's dam, by Moses—Gohanna—Sir Peter—Volunteer, &c.; covered by Jerry.

ZERLINA (foaled in 1829), by Figaro, dam by Whisker, her dam sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer (Jack Spigot's dam)—Precipitate—Highflyer—Tiffany, by Eclipse, &c.

ZIPPORAH (foaled in 1835), by Moses, out of Elizabeth by Soothsayer, her dam Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-o's, &c.; covered by Glaucus (both untried).

Foals of 1838.

A Bay Colt, by Glaucus, out of Emmelina (Hock's dam) by Blacklock, out of Agatha, by Orville, &c.; horse untried.

A Dark Bay Colt, by Glaucus, out of Pledge, by Filho, out of Deposit's dam, by Comus, out of sister to Zodiac, &c.; horse untried.

A Chesnut Colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of Cuirass (the dam of Elk, Eel, Emu, &c.) by Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate, &c.; both untried.

A Brown Colt, by Glaucus, out of Minnow by Filho, out of Mervinia, by Walton—Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate, &c.; both untried.

A Brown Colt, by Muley Moloch, out of Jenny Mills, by Whisker, dam by Cerberus (the dam of Lady de Gros, Hornsea, &c.); horse untried.

A Chesnut Colt, by Glaucus, out of Crotchet, by Roller, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules, &c.;) horse untried.

A Bay Filly, by Glaucus, out of Mandoline by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator; horse untried.

A Bay Filly, by Camel, out of Codicil by Smolensko—Beningbrough, &c.

A Brown Filly, by Tomboy, out of Benevolence by Figaro, dam by Shuttle (the dam of Swiss, Sarah, &c.)

Stallions.

The following Stallions are to cover the season of 1839, at Dawley Farm, near Hayes Middlesex:—

GLAUCUS, at 20gs. Thorough-bred and 10gs. Half-bred Mares (Groom's fee included). He was got by Partisan, out of Nanine, by Selim, her dam Bizarre, by Peruvian, out of Violante, &c.

Glaucus is 15 hands 3 inches high, of great muscle and symmetry. His stock are very promising

RIDDLESWORTH, at 10gs., (Grooms' fee included). He was got by Emilius, out of Filagree (the dam of Cobweb, Butterfly, Joanna, &c., and the grandam of Bay Middleton), by Soothsayer, her dam Web, sister to Whalebone, Whisker, Wire, &c., by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator. His stock are fine, have been out, and are winners in Germany, from whence he is just purchased. He is 16 hands high, of great bone.

Riddlesworth is an untried stallion in England.

In 1831 he won the Riddlesworth, Newmarket, Dinner, and 2000 gs. Stakes, and ran second for the Derby, in which race he is supposed to have hit his leg, and was never fit to start afterwards.

RECOVERY, at 10gs. Thorough-bred Mares (Groom's fee included). He was got by Emilius (out of the dam of Camarine, May-day, Phosphorus, &c.) by Rubens, her dam Tippitywitchet, by Waxy—Hare, by Sweetbrier—Justice—Chymist—South, &c.

He was a good runner, beating Birmingham and many others. His stock are fine, and have proved winners, one of them thought to be the best 2 year old in Ireland.

He is 15 hands 2½ inches high, of great power, with fine action.

RATCATCHER, at 10gs. Thorough-bred, and 5gs. Half-bred Mares (Groom's fee included). He was got by Langar, out of Rufina (sister to Velocipede), by Blacklock, her dam by Sorcerer, out of Virgin, by Sir Peter, &c.

Ratcatcher has proved himself a good stout runner, having won *twenty-four times* at various distances, and high weights. He is very muscular, with fine action.

For further particulars, apply to Messrs. Tattersall, Hyde Park Corner, London; if by Letter, post-paid. [F23]

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Sirams Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4. page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixion, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the above Course, will commence on the Second Wednesday, 13th March, and continue five days.

First day—The New Orleans Plate, a Service of Silver, value $700, Two mile heats. In this race 5 yr. olds and upwards carry 100lbs.—4 yr. olds and under, their appropriate weights.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $2000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Mile heats; to name and close 1st March.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[F23] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

METARIE J. C. RACES, NEW ORLEANS.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Metarie Course, New Orleans, will commence the last Tuesday, 26th March, and continue six days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March, 1839; now six subs. and several others expected.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for Gentlemen riders, Members of either of the Jockey Clubs of New Orleans, sub. $50 each, P. P., to which the Proprietors will add a Silver Cup of the value of $300, Two mile heats. Now 11 subs.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $2000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $150 ft., Mile heats; to close 1s March next. Now six subs.

Sixth day—Proprietors' Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

New Orleans, Jan. 29, 1839.—[F9-4t.] P. CENAS, Secretary.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Plaquemine Jockey Club Course, will commence on the third Wednesday of April, and continue four days, as the four mile day will be omitted at this meeting by a resolution of the Club. The following will be the order of the purses:—

First day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Creole Purse $300, Mile heats.

Fourth day—For the entrance money of the previous days, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[F9] WM. B. ROBERTSON, Jr., Secretary

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

THE following Thorough-bred Stock will be sold on reasonable terms, if early application is made (*post paid*) to the subscriber, at Macon, Marengo County, Alabama. Their stock is of the purest kind, as the Am. Turf Register, and Spirit of the Times, can testify, and I refer to those periodicals for their performances.

No. 1. HORTENSE, b. m., 7 yrs. old this Spring; was got by the great Pacific, out of Bet Bozley by Little Wonder—a winner of 16 or 17 races out of 24, at all distances. Now stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. PACTOLUS, ch. h., by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 5 yrs. old this Spring. He broke down last winter in New Orleans, running with Bee's-wing and Pollard. His pedigree and indomitable game ought to make him a valuable stallion.

No. 3. ZELINA, b. m., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, (full sister to Betsey Malone), 6 yrs. She beat last Fall the celebrated Wagner, the renowned Pressure, the victorious Linnet, and others. She has recovered from the effects of her extraordinary campaign, and in good hands will repeat *the trick* next winter.

No. 4. MARIA BLACK (imp.), br. m., 5 yrs., by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko. She is winner of five out of six races, at from 2 to 4 mile heats.

No. 5. *Rhinodino*, b. h., by Wild Bill dam by Imp. Dion, 5 yrs.—a winner of four out of six races; now in training.

No. 6. *Czarina*, gr. f., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs.—winner of three out of four races; now in training.

No. 7. *Alabama*, b. f., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwynn by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, 4 yrs. old; now in training.

No. 8. *John Howard*, b. c., by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, (the dam of Country Maid, Red Doe, John Anderson, and Selie Doe,) 3 yrs. He is in training and very promising.

No. 9. *Cinderella*, b. f., Full sister to Pactolus, 3 yrs.—in training and very promising. One half for sale.

No. 10. *Bob Logic*, bl. c., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Johnson by Trafalgar, 4 yrs. old, and 16 hands high—untried.

Macon, Marengo Co., Ala., Feb. 15, 1839.—[m2-4t] HENRY A. TAYLOE.

MILLEDGEVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Milledgeville Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d April, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race, to close 1st March. Now 2 subs., viz:—

Col. G. Edmonson, | T. Vanlandingham.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $700, Four mile heats,

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $250, h. ft., Two mile heats, to which will be added the *Young Plate*, valued at $1000. Closed with 5 subs., viz:—

Iverson & Bonner, | Kenan & Vanlandingham, | Col. Wm. McCargo.
Col. G. Edmonson, | Lewis Lovell,

Milledgeville, Feb. 5, 1839.—[F16-tf.] H. F. YOUNG & Co., Proprietors.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on Monday, 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $200 each, $100 ft., for 4 yr. olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

[d22-t1a] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

GREENSBOROUGH, (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, Proprietors.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J19]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 21, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season! each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY's *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822: he was got by Whisker, (brother

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, Monday, 2d week in March.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Kendall Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1 st Tuesday, 4th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Spr ing Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
MAYSVILLE, Ky. - - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th March.
" " Match, $10,000 a-side, 4 m. h., *Melzare* vs. *The Poney*, 11th March.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d April.
NEW YORK, - - - - - - - Union Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
" " Match, $1000 aside, P.P., between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 yr. olds.
" " Match, $1000 aside, h. ft., between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt. L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, Mile heats.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th March.
" " " Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March.
" " " Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th March.
NORFOLK, Va., - - - - and Portsmouth J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Monday, 20th April.
PETERSBURG, Va. - - - Newmarket Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st or 2d week in April.
" " Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h. *Boston* vs. *Portsmouth*.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - - - State Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
" " Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h., *Boston* vs. *The Queen*, same meeting.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th March.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil.
VELASCO, Texas, - - - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March.
WASHINGTON CITY. - National course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

NEW YORK RACES.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Union Course, Long Island, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. Also, of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
3. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
4. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
5. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
6. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
7. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
8. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
9. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. Also, of Miss Mattie and Shark.
11. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Post Boy's dam and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also, of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats; second best in the race to ceive back his stakes. Closed with four subs., viz.:

1. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—Match between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 year olds, for $1000 aside, P. P.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, (provided four horses start; if not four, the purse will be $400,) Three mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $500 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Shark.
5. Also, of Celeste's sister and Richard.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.
8. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, (provided four horses run; if not four, the purse will be $800,) Four mile heats.

Same day—Match between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt. L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, $1000 aside, h. ft., Mile heats.

Sweepstakes, 2d Spring Meeting.

Memorandum of Sweepstakes to be run over the Union Course, at the Second Spring Meeting of 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $2000, P. P., Four mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names b. c. Job, by Eclipse, out of Jemima.
2. John Heth names Jack Kremer, by Luzborough, dam by Eclipse.
3. R. F. Stockton names b. f. Caroline, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.
4. J. C. Stevens names s. c. Fordham, by Eclipse, out of Janette.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000, $250 ft., Mile heats; with a declaration of $100 by the 1st of April. To be run the 1st day of the Meeting.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names br. c. by Emilius, out of Young Mouse.
2. Also, " ch. c. by Rowton, out of Nanine.
3. Also, " b. c. by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names Emilius filly, out of Polly Hopkins.
5. Also, " Priam filly, out of Betsey Ransom.
6. Also, " Shark colt, out of Celeste.
7. John C. Stevens names Terrific, by Gohanna, out of Black Maria.
8. Also, " ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Janette.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Mary Blunt, by Mons. Tonson.
10. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by Roman.
11. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Jane Grey, dam by Monmouth Eclipse.
12. John D. Kirby names b. c. by Shakspeare, out of Merritt's Imp. mare.

Mem.—Any declaration of forfeit to the above stake must be made in writing, directed to A. L. Botts, Sec'y of the New York Jockey Club, and post-marked by the 1st of April.

3. Sweepstake now open for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, $50 ft., Mile heats. To name and close by the 11th of April; but no winner previous to the time of entry, allowed to enter.

Further particulars of these races in time.

Books of subscription to Sweepstakes always open, for all ages, and at all times.

The Beacon Course Races.—Details of these races will appear on Saturday next.

New York, March 14, 1839.—[M16] A. L. BOTTS, D. H. BRANCH.

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Belts and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing: Fletcher and Louis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Harness exhibited at the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16–4t.]

GLOBE HOTEL,

NO. 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—F. BLANCARD informs his friends and the public, that he will remove his establishment on the first of April next, to the new and elegant granite mansion No. 66 Broadway, directly opposite his present residence, which has been recently erected, and purposely calculated for his style of accommodations, where families and single gentlemen may have elegant apartments, furnished in any style suited to their taste and convenience, with the best servants always in attendance. Extensive bath rooms are attached on New-street, which will be open at all convenient hours in the day and evening.

In this establishment there will be a Restaurant, where the best provisions of the markets will be served up at all times in the most approved and fashionable style of French and English cookery, and a Table d'Hote at 5 o'clock, for the accommodation of families and strangers who may prefer that mode of dining.

His cellar will be stored with a great variety of choice wines, which will be furnished at reasonable prices.

This establishment, being within two minutes walk of Wall street, and the principal public offices, also the Battery, which is the most airy and beautiful walk in the city, is a desirable residence for families, or gentlemen of leisure or business.

Grateful for the liberal patronage which the public have been pleased to bestow, the subscriber respectfully solicits a continuance of their favors.

[m16–3t.] F. BLANCARD.

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Subscriber begs leave to notify the public that he has taken the House in Winnsboro', Ga., formerly kept as a House of Entertainment by Hugh Barkley, and pledges himself to use his best exertions to maintain for it the reputation which it had in Mr. Barkley's time. He hopes for a liberal share of public patronage, as he will endeavor to deserve it, by his exertions to satisfy the public, in the arrangements both of the house and the stables. J. F. GAMBLE.

☞ This House will hereafter be known as the "Eagle Hotel." [m16–5t.]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

NO. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient, and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16–tf.]

Salmon, the king of fresh-water fish, was, in the reign of Henry VI., thought a present worthy of a crowned head. In that reign the Queen of Scotland sent to the Duchess of Clarence ten casks of salted salmon, which Henry directed to pass duty free. La Fontaine gives an anecdote of a *gourmand*, who, having dispatched an entire salmon (the size is not stated,) with the exception of the jowl, was taken so ill that the physician pronounced his recovery to be impossible. "Is it so?" said the dying fish-fancier, "bring me then the remainder of my salmon." In the month of February, 1809, Harry Fenn, a fish salesman at Billingsgate, sold an uncrimped Severn salmon, weighing nineteen pounds, for the sum of one guinea per pound, to Phillips, the fishmonger, in Bond Street.

Horseflesh.—The Grand Almoner of France, the Bishop of ——, was a good judge of horseflesh. Louis XIV., wishing to get his opinion on a horse that was offered him for sale said to him, "They tell me he is a *Turk*. As you are a judge in these matters, I should be glad to know your opinion." "Do not believe them, Sire," replied the Bishop, "he is as much a *Christian as you or I*."

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $50 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R. Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Town and Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles' Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm. Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley.

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexingtou, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Arks., at $25 & $40. Address T.T. Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

FOR SALE, the celebrated Trotting Horses *Norman Leslie* and *John Caldwell*. Enquire of the subscriber, at Lafayette Hall, Nos. 595 and 597 Broadway, or at 291 Bowery.

[Mar16–tf.] PHILIP McGUIRE.

IMPORTED BELSHAZZAR.

I HAVE the pleasure to tender to the public generally, and to my friends in particular, the services of this splendid English Stallion. He is now in my stable, in the city of Nashville, in good health and condition, and will be ready for service on the following terms:—$125 insurance, $100 the season (to commence on the 15th Feb. and end on the 1st July), which may be discharged by the payment of $75 within the year, and $1 to the groom in each case, which will be expected at the stable door. The best pasturage the county affords, and grain at usual prices, and every attention to mares, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

PEDIGREE.

To breeders and sportsmen conversant with the blood horse, it would be sufficient to name sire and dam. But for others, we say, Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Sister to Old Country Wench by Snake—Grey Wilks (sister to Clumsey) by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare, daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. It fully appears from the above that he has the maximum of blood, and that he derives his purity through the line of most illustrious ancestors. In other words, his breeding is not only thorough, but also most fashionable. He draws blood from Eclipse through Joe Andrews, a good son, and King Fergus and Pot-8-o's, his best sons. He draws blood from King Herod through Phenomenon and Woodpecker, very good sons, and Highflyer, his best, and has streams from the best English and Foreign sources for centuries. His family in near alliance show a due proportion of winners of distinguished prizes. His dam won the Oaks, and produced Memnon, a Doncaster St. Leger winner. Her sister, also won the St. Leger. Brutandorf, out of Mandane, was a good winner and Stallion; and Lottery, another son, though queer in temper, was, in my opinion, able to beat when he pleased, any horse of his day. Theodore, out of Blacklock's dam, won the St. Leger, and any one who reads the account of this great race of Blacklock's year, the state of the odds, and examines the performances, before and after, must come to the conclusion, that he should have beat Ebor. And he proved himself a better stallion, far better than his competitor.

PERFORMANCES.

Belshazzar won the 2 yr. old stakes of 20 sovs. each, at York August Meeting, 1832, 18 subs.; won 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, 31 subs.; the St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, at York August Meeting, 15 subs.; the Gascoigne stakes of 100 sovs. each, at Doncaster, 5 subs.; and in this year Mr. Watt refused 5000 guineas for him. At Newmarket Spring Meeting in 1834, he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 5 subs. He gave Jason 13lbs. and Shylock 11 lbs. But in this year, in a contest with Consol, he broke down, and was turned into the breeding stud, and became a very popular stallion. Among the horses he beat were Rockingham (winner of the Doncaster St. Leger), Glaucus (winner of the Whip at Newmarket, and the Ascot Cup), Muley Molock, and many others. Mr. Watt's b. f. Cara, the first of his get, has appeared twice in public, with great credit. She at 2 yrs. old won the Criterion stakes of 30 sovs. each, 36 subs., at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating two Langars (placed 2d and 3d); also a Reveller, a Mulatto, two Camels, an Emilius, a Cain, a Zinganee, two Priams, and many others. She ran for the Chesterfield stakes at the July Meeting, and looked like a winner till near the chair, when she ran out and lost her chance. The dam and grandam of Belshazzar bred winners of 99 races, and 19 times winners of four mile races.

DESCRIPTION.

Belshazzar is a dark chesnut, foaled in 1830, full 16 hands high, of good length and great substance, with accurate proportions, and the most blood-like appearance; and though plain horses in many instances run well, it is but justice to say, in addition to his racing qualities, Belshazzar must attract the notice of breeders by his general high finish, and an exquisite head and neck. THOMAS ALDERSON.

Nashville, Feb. 12, 1839.—[m16–3t.]

PACIFIC.

THERE is one more opportunity offered to the breeders of Kentucky and the surrounding States, to perpetuate the pure blood of old Bertrand, through the veins of his only full brother, the unequalled horse *Pacific*. He will stand for mares the present season (which commenced the 15th Feb. and terminates the 1st July next) at the stable of the subscriber, in Woodford County, two miles West of Versailles, at $100 the season; but $75 will discharge the debt any time within the season, and $1 to the groom in each case. Blue grass pastures in abundance of a superior quality; lots well arranged with abundance of running water in each, fencing impervious, furnished for mares gratis, during the season, and grain fed on moderate terms if required. Every attention will be bestowed to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liabilities will be incurred for either. This horse has successfully occupied the same stand for 11 years, near Nashville, where he has produced many of the very best race horses of the present day, and some that have never been defeated, although they have had many of the best nags to contend with. These facts will be published in his bills with his own pedigree and performance.

From the frequent and urgent calls upon the owners of Pacific, to permit him to fill the stand of his brother in Kentucky, they at length consented for him to come, and in consequence of the absence of Mr. Lyndsey, and there being no time for delay in fixing his stand, I consider that I have been fortunate in being able to present to the breeders of fine stock, that which has been considered forevor lost. B. P. GRAY.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 1839—[m16–3t.]

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May next (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. W. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. Wm. Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

☞ Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept., 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the subscriber to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the first day of Feb. 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock, P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race Horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofere been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft.; Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ——.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ——.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavafette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Ladies' Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22–t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 10½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bians capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, four of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house, 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P, Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, Fanti, Dosoris, Zela, Terrific, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of MR. ROBT. L. STEVENS, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs, Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. ISAAC VAN LEER, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of VAN LEER, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto bay, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. MR. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either.

THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

COMMODORE ELLIOTT'S ARABIAN SHERIFF PACHA.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.—In the summer of 1837, being on the coast of Northern Syria, Commodore ELLIOTT, in pursuance of orders from the Navy Department, and prompted by a commendable zeal to improve the breed of horses in the United States, procured a thorough bred Arabian of the Nadji breed from an agent of the Governor or Vice Roy of Northern Syria, "Sheriff Pacha."

The horse referred to is a Stallion, 5 yrs. old, and of a rich bay color, standing 15½ hands high, of fine bone and finish. He bears a strong resemblance to the high mettled racer of "the race-horse region," and there can be no doubt that he is what he is certified to be, a real Nadji,—the most celebrated breed in Syria. The experienced judge of the race-horse will detect at a glance, and be immediately impressed with the idea, and convinced of the purity of his origin. No formal pedigree need be offered to the observer of this superior animal, for without these, nature has so impressed her seal, that they would not be required; but fortunately the most authentic are given, attested by the American Consul's seal at Damascus.

Mustapha Aga, of Damascus, purchased this horse of Kage Ali, the Alepine, who procured him of an Arab of Atrah. A great many testimonials are given by the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah, each of whom concur that he is a real Nadji.

☞ This horse will stand the ensuing season at Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. For particulars see bills. [F9]

GRASSHOPPER FOR SALE.

THE highly bred mare "GRASSHOPPER," well known as an approved brood mare of blood-like appearance, fine size, and connected with the best racing families on the side of both sire and dam, will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately. She will be 13 years old in May next; she is a rich blood bay, measuring about 15 hands 3 inches—is perfectly sound and a sure breeder. Her three colts that have been trained, have proved uncommonly speedy and stout runners; she is the dam of *Sir Harry*, a popular stallion, *Nelson*, a winner on Long Island, and purchased by Col. Johnson, of Virginia, and *John R*, one of the speediest 4 yr olds at the North; with 104lbs. on his back he won a heat of two miles last Spring in 3.45, and ran 2d for the next in 3.47, notwithstanding a bad start, and the 3d in 3.51, beating Tom Moore, Bergen, Ajax, Young Lady Lightfoot, and Shadow; the 2d and 3d heats were won, after a desperate struggle, by Suffolk, by a few feet only, after a remarkably fast and game race. [See Spirit of the Times of June 2, page 124.] In the Fall he won the 1st heat for the Three mile purse on the Union Course, in 5:50, and lost the 2d heat to Henry Moore, by a scant length, in 5.57½, having split his hoof on the last quarter; he of course was then drawn. The first two miles of the 1st heat he ran in 3.47, and in both heats he beat Betsey Andrey, Jane Rowlett, and The Colonel. Grasshopper's only other produce is a colt by Henry, and a very promising one by Imp. Trustee: she will, if not sold, be stinted this season to Imp. Trustee.

Grasshopper was bred by Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, the breeder of Post Boy, Robin Hood, Tarquin, Suffolk, and a host of winners, and it is believed that she combines as many capital strains of blood, as any brood mare of the present day. Her pedigree on her dam's side may be found in full in the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times, and on the side of her sire in the English Stud Book. It is as follows:—

Grasshopper was got by Imp. Roman, out of Garland (the dam of *Post Boy*) by Duroc—grandam Young Damsel by Hamiltonian—g. g. dam Miller's Damsel (the dam of *Eclipse*) by Imp. Messenger—g. g. g. dam the celebrated imported Pot-8-o's mare—g. g. g. g. dam by Gimcrack, etc.

Roman, the sire of Grasshopper, was imported into New York in 1823. He was bred by Mr. Liddell and foaled in 1815. [See English and Am. Stud Book, page 1915.] Roman was got by Camillus, out of Leon Forte (bred by Mr. Watt in 1808,) who was got by Eagle, her dam Tamborine by Trumpator—Crone by Highflyer—Middlesex by Snap. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 674.] Camillus, the sire of Roman, was got by Cannon-ball, his dam by Camillus, out of Hampden's dam by Hyacinthus—Zara by Delpini [See Eng and Am. Stud Book, page 894.]

A better bred mare, or one more unexceptionable for size, form, color, and soundness, can hardly be found anywhere, and it must be added that she is a sure breeder, and that all her stock have run with credit. If applied for immediately she will be sold at a bargain. She may be seen at Trustee's stand, near the Union Course, L. I. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, who is authorized to dispose of her.

Long Island, Feb. 12, 1839. [F16-1ptf.]

VETERINARY SURGERY AND HORSE-SHOEING.

PRICE REDUCED.—The Subscriber with pleasure announces to his former patrons and others, that he is now enabled to Shoe Horses for twelve shillings a sett (his former price having been fourteen), and that any person sending horses to his forge, may depend upon having them shod in the *very best manner*, by himself and brothers, who have received the premiums at the last four Fairs of the American and Mechanics' Institutes, as may be seen by calling at his establishment, where likewise his general work may be examined and explanations given.

Lame horses, from bad shoeing or other causes, made to go sound in a very short time; in most cases from superior shoeing alone.

The subscriber also attends to the diseases of horses as usual, at his Infirmary and the vicinity, which he treats on the most approved scientific principles of the London and Edinburgh Schools; he is a regular Graduate of the latter Institution, of which he received the Diploma as Veterinary Surgeon on the 14th April, 1833.

New York, Jan. 11, 1839. JAMES DRYSDALE, Veterinary Surgeon.

N.B. The most respectable references given. Apply at No. 18 Fifth Street, near the Bowery. [m2-4t]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grand Levee and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c, must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d11-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No. 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

RICHARD.

THIS celebrated Imported Horse, the only son in America of that renowned horse *Orville*, and own brother to those celebrated race horses, *Master Henry* and *Sporus*, will stand for mares the present season at the stable of Maj. B. LUCKETT, Franklin County, Kentucky.

He is a dark mahogany bay, about 16 hands high, of good bone, great muscular power, and ability to carry weight, as the high weights which a perusal of his performances will show, he has successfully carried, especially in his races for King's Plates, repeatedly, over the course of four miles. In point of blood, and what in England is termed family stoutness, he is hardly equalled, certainly not excelled, by any horse in England, or at this time imported. He was sent to America by F. B. OGDEN, Esq., American Consul resident at Liverpool, and landed at New York in 1836.

PEDIGREE.—*Richard* was bred, or first brought forward on the turf, by Lord Jersey. He was foaled in 1808; got by Orville, out of Miss Sophia (bred by Mr. Wilson in 1805) by Stamford; her dam, Sophia by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca by Highflyer—Cypher by Squirrel—Regulus, &c. &c. *Orville* was bred by Earl Fitzwilliam in 1799; got by Benningbrough (who was the best son of King Fergus, the best son of Eclipse,) out of Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantram—Regulus—Marske's dam by Blacklegs, &c. &c. *Stamford* (sire of Miss Sophia, Richard's dam,) was bred by Sir F. Standish in 1794; got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam Horatia (Sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton in 1778,) by Eclipse; her dam Countess (Delpini's dam) by Blank—Rib—Wynn Arabian, &c.

[For Richard's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times" from Jan. 19, to Feb. 23, 1839.]

It will be seen by the above performances, that Richard ran three times in 1821, when 3 yrs. old, and paid one forfeit. That in 1822, prior to being rated 4 yrs. old, and when 4 yrs. old, he started nine times, six of which races were *four miles*, and one *three mile heats*; that he won five out of these nine races, four of those which he won being *four miles*, and three of these of four miles being for *King's Plates*, carrying the high weight of 10st. 4lb. (144lbs.) That in both the four mile races in which he was beat, viz: by Incantator over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, and by Waverley at Newcastle, he ran second. That Waverley belonged to the same owner, who thought proper to win with him, and that Richard had previously ran for, and won that same week, at the same place, the King's Plate. That two others of his four mile races in which he was successful, he performed at York in the same week also. All of which goes to show, that his *best play* was *game and stoutness* and the course of *four miles*. That the race which he lost at Pontefract (two miles and seven furlongs) was like that at Newcastle, won by Waverley, belonging to the same owner, who, it is reasonable to suppose, saved Richard as much as possible in this race, as he, the very next day, started him for the Borough Members' Plate, *three mile heats*, which he won.

His last race, for the King's Plate at Doncaster, *four miles*, carrying for 4 yrs. old 144lbs., was won in 7 minutes 58 seconds.

His own brother, *Master Henry*, foaled in 1815, might with truth be styled the best horse of his time. His performances were brilliant in the extreme. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 1819, carrying 6st. 7lb. as 3 yrs. old, he won the First Class of the Oatland Stakes, D. I., beating Lehus, The Student, Finesse, and Sir Thomas; and the same year, at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting, carrying for 4 yrs. old 8st. 11lb. (123lbs.) he beat Zenith, Beppo, and Rob Roy over the Beacon Course (upwards of four miles); at the Second Spring Meeting, 1820, he beat Financier, the Abington mile, for 200 gs., and at the same meeting he beat Pacha the two middle miles of the Beacon Course, for 200 gs.; and at the First Spring Meeting, 1821, he beat Little John, 4 yrs. old, and Allegro, 5 yrs., the last three miles of the Beacon Course. At the same meeting, carrying as for 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb. (163lbs.), he won the King's Plate over the Beacon Course, beating Little John and Autar, 4 yr. olds, 11st. each (154lbs.); Little John and Henry ran a dead heat, which being run over, Henry won. He ran on with great eclat until 1821, beating the best horses in England. When aged, his then owner, Mr. L. Charlton, challenged for the Whip at Newmarket, and named Master Henry, which challenge not being accepted, he carried it off. Here there is a striking example of the family union of speed with stoutness, all lengths and at high weights. After this he was withdrawn from the turf and became a public stallion, was purchased four or five years ago by Messrs. Merritt & Co. of Virginia, shipped for America, and lost on the passage.

Sporus, the other own brother of Richard, was also an excellent performer. We have not space to set forth all his exploits. He came out in 1821 at 4 yrs. old, winner of a class of the Oatland Stakes of 400 gs., at Newmarket; the Garden Stakes, and of 100 gs. at the same place; the King's Plate at Ipswich. In 1822 he won the Gold Cup at the Hoo, 100 gs. at Newmarket, and the Gold Cup at Oxford.

Emilius, also got by Orville, out of a Stamford mare, won all the great stakes he started for in 1823, then 3 yrs. old, viz: a Class of the Riddlesworth Stakes, the Dinner Stakes of 100 gs. each, the Grand Dukes Michael Stakes, and 100 gs. at Newmarket, the great Derby Stakes at Epsom, and 500 gs. at Ascot. After 4 yrs. old, he was withdrawn from the turf, became a public stallion, and is the sire of the celebrated *Priam*, of *Plenipotentiary*, and many other good ones.

Orville we cannot pass, without noting in him this extraordinary combination of speed and endurance. It will be recollected that he commenced running in 1801, when only two years old, and that at 3 yrs. old, Sept. 28, 1802, he won the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and the next day ran second to Alonzo for the Gold Cup, *four miles*. The next year, 1803, Aug. 22d, at York, he ran next to Duxbury in a Produce Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each, for 4 yr. olds, *four miles*. And four days afterwards, the 26th, he ran 2d to Mr. Mellish's Streckton, *four miles*, beating Duxbury, (who had four days previously beat him,) and a large field of good ones. At Doncaster, on the 28th Sept. following, he ran second to Marcia, by Coriander, *four miles*, beating Alonzo, who had before beat him. The next day, Sept. 29, he beat Streckton, who had before beat him, two miles. The next year, 1804, at York, Aug. 22, he ran next to Traveller, again beating Streckton, *four miles*, who had beat him the same distance. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, he beat Pepylin and Doncaster, two miles, and a third time beat Streckton in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. At Newmarket, Oct. 15, he ran next to Sir Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey, over the Beacon Course, upwards of *four miles*. In 1805, he beat Houghton Lass, Hartfoot, and Lady Brough, *four miles*. He beat the Duke of Richmond's Rolla, for the King's Plate, carrying as 6 yrs. old, 10[illegible]lbs., Rolla, aged 170lbs., *four miles*. He beat the famous Walton, of the same age, 124lbs. each, *four miles*. 1806—At Newmarket he beat Quiz, Norval, and Sir Harvy Dimsdale, over the Beacon Course. He received forfeit from Houghton Lass, *four miles*. At Lewes, he walked over *four miles*. At Newmarket he beat Parasol, Stanley, Houghton Lass, and Henry, over the Beacon Course. He ran second to Bustard, beating Sancho, over the Beacon Course. He beat Pelisse and Enchanter over the Beacon Course. At Brighton he walked over for the Somerset Stakes of 50 gs. each, *four miles*. He again beat Pelisse at even weights, in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. He beat Cerberus *four miles*, and Brighton *four miles*. He beat Canopus at Newmarket, over the Beacon Course, and again beat Parasol over the Beacon Course. We have not here given all his races, particularly the short ones, but trust we have set forth sufficient to show the union of stoutness with the speed of a winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, his training and running on successfully to Oct. 1807, when 8 yrs. old, winning eight times in his last year, and all his races of *four miles* that year, and indeed *all*, except one D. I., about two miles. He ran and walked over 35 times.

Orville is also the sire of Muley, who got Leviathan, and Margrave, (both now in this country), of Muley Moloch, and many others of the first class.

Orville's sire, *Beningbrough*, is another sample of the union of speed with continuance, he won the Great St. Leger in 1791, and distinguished himself at all distances. In his sire, King Fergus, O'Kelly's great favorite, supposed the fleetest son of Eclipse, we have the same qualifications, and next in the paternal line, we trace to the fleetest of the fleet, and the stoutest of the stout, the ever memorable Eclipse himself. On the side of his dam we go at once to Highflyer, who never was beat, and who never paid forfeit.

Besides Richard, Master Henry, and Sporus, Miss Sophia is also the dam of Master George, Lady Henry, and Emma by Orville; of Leipsic by Sorcerer, Custard by Soothsayer, Henrica by Woful, Mameluke by Partisan, and others, showing every requisite as a breeder. What, then, can exceed the produce of such a mare, by such a horse as Orville? From what other can the most sanguine expectations of breeders be more likely to be realized?

If in addition to Richard's own performances over the course of four miles, that of his brothers, his sire, and family through, can recommend him to the notice of the public, he is certainly entitled to the same. In this belief the subscriber is induced to offer him as a Stallion to the breeders of Blood Stock, in the hope that he will meet with their patronage. [J19] MUNSON BEACH.

SHARK

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb. and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15½ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.—*Shark* was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Taylor's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clock fast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

[For Shark's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times," from Jan. 5, to Feb. 23, 2839.]

Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union [d17

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETING for 1839 will come off under the following new arrangement, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—*Cincinnati Gold Cup*, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—*Buckeye Plate*, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1639.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the Purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with these entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race; an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to GEO. N. SANDERS, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 26th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2-1my] GEORGE M. LONG, GEORGE N. SANDERS, } Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring Meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 25th March.

W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day—A purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $300; Two mile heats.

Third day—A purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $500; Three mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day—A purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Four mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

The New Jersey Rail Road is now completed, and will hereafter convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, for greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, LOUISIANA COURSE.

THE Jockey Club Spring Meeting over the Louisiana Course will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 20th March.

First day—Creole Purse $500, Mile heats.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, of which the 2d best horse will be entitled to $200 if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1800, $300 to go to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1500; Three mile heats.

Fourth day—For a Splendid Silver Urn, value $1500, and Jockey Club Purse of $500, and $500 extra to be given to the 2d best horse in the race, if more than two start; Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $600, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—The Louisiana Plate, value at $1500, Two mile heats.

[J19-tf6mh] HENRY A. TAYLOE, J. C. BRANCH, MANDEVILLE MARIGNY, } Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, will commence on the Second Wednesday, 13th March, 1839, and continue five days. Particulars in due time.

SWEEPSTAKES.

The following Sweepstakes are now open. Gentlemen wishing to enter into either will please address the Proprietor.

No. 1. For 3 yr. old colts, sub. $500, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 4 subs.

No. 2. For 2 yr. old colts, sub. $1000, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds owned in the State of Louisiana, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1839—[J26] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $1000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle of Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brothers of Va. name the produce of Imp. Peri by Wanderer, and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, March 16.—Will be performed, the tragedy of VELASCO—and PETER WILKINS; OR, THE FLYING ISLANDERS.

MONDAY, March 18.—First night of Mr. HAMBLIN'S Re-engagement—TOM NODDY'S SECRET—First night of LAFITTE; OR, THE PIRATE OF THE GULF, as originally performed at the Bowery Theatre; Lafitte, Mr. Hamblin—and PETER WILKINS.

TUESDAY, March 19.—Second night of Mr. Hamblin's Re-engagement—Second night of FAFITTE; Lafitte, Mr. Hamblin—and PETER WILKINS.

WEDNESDAY, March 20.—Last appearance of Mr. HACKETT, prior to his sailing for England. HENRY IV.; Falstaff, Mr. Hackett; Hotspur, Mr. Hamblin, who has kindly volunteered his services.

Mr. Hamblin will perform on Friday and Saturday.

Doors open at half-past 6 o'clock—Performance to commence at 7. Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, March 16.—For the benefit of Mr. WILSON.—GUY MANNERING; Henry Bertram, Mr. WILSON; Gabriel, Mr. SEGUIN; Lucy Bertram, Miss SHIRREFF; Julia Mannering, Mrs. BAILEY—To conclude with LAFITTE.

MONDAY, March 18.—AMILIE—and LAFITTE.

TUESDAY, March 19.—MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: Susanna, Miss SHIRREF; Countess, Mrs. SEGUIN; Cherubini, Mrs. BAILEY; Count Almaviva, Mr. WILSON; Figaro, Mr. SEGUIN; Antonio, (the Gardener,) Mr. LATHAM—With a MUSICAL PASTICCIO—To conclude with LAFITTE.

WEDNESDAY, March 20.—An Opera, with a variety of entertainments, for the benefit of Mr. SEGUIN.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, a change of opera, with LAFITTE.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The "Grand Melo-dramatic Rienzi" has divided the honors at this house, the past week, with "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby." It would be difficult to say by which the manager loses least, for, as the times go, the question is now, as to the Park, "Was it as thin last night as the night before?" The papers, and for aught we know, the manager, call "Rienzi" a victory; but it is much such a victory as that achieved by Pyrrhus of old, who remarked of it, that another such would ruin him. Mr. HAMBLIN understands these matters pretty well, and showed his usual tact last evening, by selecting "Pizarro" for his benefit, in place of the last of the Romans. We should hardly have alluded to "Rienzi" this week, but for the purpose of correcting an error of the press in our last sheet. We wrote then, *in substance*, that "Rienzi was not indifferently played by the principal characters." The printers *promiscuously* omitted the "not," thinking, no doubt, it was impossible that there should be any fair acting in so miserable a play. The truth is, that it is not very good, but simply not bad, and that was just what we said of it last week. It is a trifling matter to write so long a paragraph about, especially as the play has failed, whether well or ill-played,—but in another view it is not trifling, for we would not, even by mistake, detract one iota from merited applause.

"Peter Wilkins" is the romantic title of an old melo-drama which has been revived to accompany "Rienzi" the past week; *par nobile fratrum* may well be said of them, for to our minds it is altogether problematical which is the worse. In fine poetical diction "Peter Wilkins" is manifestly superior; no recent dramatist is thought to equal it. We were particularly struck with a significant chorus in the second act, to the words of which the music scarcely does justice.

The "Clock" story, which has been very often, but very well told, in the Sunday News, has been thrown into the form of a light farce for this theatre. If the author has been at all as felicitous in writing it for the stage as for the paper, there will be some shaking of sides next week. We should think it extremely difficult to represent upon the stage the infinite drollery of the Harlaem host's situation, with his unending "Here she goes, there she goes," but hope sincerely that the attempt may be successful. To "the man who makes you laugh" should lofty monuments be reared;—that is our philosophy.

We have heard no more of late of the old rumor that PLACIDE was to leave the Park, and are glad not to believe one word of it. The man they now talk of as likely to secede, is PETER RICHINGS. It can scarcely be economy (and we suppose that virtue is now highly esteemed at "old Drury"!) to allow Peter to take himself off, for at least one score of men would at once have to be retained to fill his place. Richings is one of those "men of all work," who are inestimable in theatres. If for nothing else, he should remain to make apologies and the like; they will never be able to suppress a row at the Park, without him. It is the opinion of many shrewd people, that that great house which Wood drew, the night he was hissed off, by his silly and impudent behaviour, would never have been dispersed, but for Richings' singing "Ye sons of Freedom"! But with all his versatility, it is by no means sure that Mr. Richings would not consult his reputation and permanent interests by confining himself to a narrower *role* of characters, instead of attempting to grasp the whole range of tragedy and farce, comedy and the Opera.

☞ Next week HACKETT is to commence an engagement. The "fat Knight" will have a load to bear in sustaining the waning fortunes of the old house, but his shoulders are broad. He has recently been playing *Falstaff* in Washington, and among other admirers, won over the venerable Ex-President, Mr. ADAMS. To have satisfied the idea of so great a scholar and critic, was a signal triumph.

The National.—The re-appearance of Miss SHIRREFF, on Monday last, was the signal for a general gathering at the National; that house could not have held more, and a vast proportion of the audience were ladies. Nor have the audiences fallen off materially during the week, and each night you are reminded powerfully of those brilliant throngs which Mrs. WOOD, and subsequently CARADORI ALLAN, attracted at the Park. The charm of music is inexpressibly enhanced by listening to it under such circumstances; were there not other and higher pleasures flowing from this source, it is extremely gratifying that applause should be judiciously bestowed. They have, however, fallen into the error in the pit of the National, of calling for an encore of almost every solo that can be sung by the principal vocalists. It has become so much a matter of course, that they seem to think a song a failure unless it receives this compliment, and that which should be confined to the occasional and spontaneous expression of the overflowing enthusiasm of the audience, is degraded to an ordinary testimony of satisfaction; the encore is started by a few witless friends,—people of proper taste erroneously think to check it by *hushing* or *hissing*,—this is misunderstood by a stupid portion of the house, who have seen no reason why the vocalist should be hissed, and so they join in applause, and shout *encore* with the loudest, and the song is repeated, to the annoyance of the singer, and regret of judicious hearers.

We name this in connection with Miss Shirreff because upon her is the task invariably thrown of repeating her songs. There is this excuse to be made for her own zealous admirers, that she cheats them of their applause by the most fascinating archness in her action, and repays them with such joyous smiles, that they seem half inclined to call for each song a third time. The success of Miss Shirreff affords a lesson to all our vocalists, that they should not pass unheeded. With no extraordinary power of voice, or remarkable science, she has acquired favor with the public which is unparalleled. The past week has been the most brilliant of the whole season, which result is wholly due to Miss Shirreff. Her attention to the business of the stage, her clever bye-play, and general fine acting, are the advantages which, added to her rich gift of song, have established her as a general favorite.

We desired here to speak of Mr. HORNCASTLE, who sings with great taste, but is hardly appreciated,—of Miss THORNTON, a young lady of signal promise as a vocalist,—of "Lafitte," and many other matters connected with this house but our disjointed gossip has been already too far prolonged.

The Franklin.—We observe by the papers that Mrs. GIBBS, an old favorite of our's, has gone back to this theatre. It is a thousand pities that a lady of her powers and accomplishments should be compelled to resort there; but Wallack's nights are full, and we presume the Great Tragedian at the Park will play there till the dog-days come in. Let those, however, who really like to hear a good song well sung, learn from this that they can even do the same at the Franklin in the most creditable manner.

Bowery Ampitheatre—We have not had time to see the horses for a week, and by this we account for the low spirits in which we find ourselves this evening. So simple is the remedy, that we shall hasten to apply it, but as we shall not get home before our paper will go to press, we will conclude this brief note upon the circus, by urging all readers afflicted with dulness or the blues, to "go and do likewise."

We hear the new *City Theatre* of FLYNN and WILLARD's is progressing rapidly; they break ground on or before May-day, and, in the interim, have an army of carpenters, painters, and property-men at work. The *Nursery of Native Talent*, opposite the menagerie, is also going up, and is to be larger than ever, we are told.

By a letter from New Orleans, dated the 14th ult., we learn that the theatrical firmament of that city is irradicated with a brilliant galaxy of stars. Among them are Miss Tree, Miss Clifton, Caradori Allan, Augusta, Le Comte, Forrest, Booth, Finn, Scott, Burke, Brown, the Barnes and a dozen others of less magnitude. We regret to add that the season has been unusually dull, and that very few have realized any thing from their engagements.

Mrs. Shaw and McKinny are playing with Preston at Albany.

Logan and Thoman have erected a beautiful little theatre at Auburn in this State, that will hold about $300; the business is capital. Small theatres are in progress in several other large towns adjacent, and the spirited managers trust to establish an important and profitable circuit.

Shales has given away to BALLS at the Tremont, who is gaining troops of friends in a new line of business.

Burton is at the American theatre, Baltimore; at the Holliday St. House they are playing Timour the Tartar, with Cline, Mrs. Hughes and others.

Brough, Bishop, Madame Otto, and Mrs. Hardwick, have been playing opera with great success at Augusta. Young Jamieson has made a hit as *Mons. Jaques.*

A NEW STAR IN THE EAST.

BOSTON, Feb. 27, 1839.

FRIEND PORTER,—Theatricals are growing queer in these parts. Barry, told that the public is tired of sterling drama, has been presenting, during the last few weeks, novelty of the most ultra description. He commenced this "successful experiment" by serving up the "Mammoth Child," (only 5 yrs. old, and weighing 165 lbs.) in "Tom and Jerry." It drew finely. Next, that natural phenomenon, the "No-haired Horse," was brought out in the same piece, with equal success. More recently, we have had a queerer animal than the other two—a *debutant* as Richard the Third;—and *such* a Richard! Full of egotism and the "itch"—for the *stage*, I mean—a precious piece of work he made of it! 'Twas the broadest burletta I ever witnessed. The best of the joke is, that he mistook the uproarious laughter for genuine applause, and was so elated, that he insisted upon the manager's allowing him to repeat the *operation*. His second appearance attracted a larger audience than would that of Miss Tree or Vandenhoff. His tragedy made the house echo with laughter. In fighting with Richmond, he was particularly effective. Never Richard fought with such determined valor. After a prolonged collision with "gallant Harry," he was about to fall, when a voice from the gallery shouted, "Don't back out, Neddy!" and caused him to renew the battle with a valor worthy a better issue. Finally, Richmond was obliged to trundle him, neck and heels, to the earth, to the utter discombobulation of his wig. He died hard, and not until run through and through repeatedly.

At the fall of the curtain he was loudly called for, as on his first appearance, and upon making his bow, was saluted by a wreath, thrown from the proscenium. It was of a unique description, and in excellent keeping with the acting of which it was the reward—being great in its proportions, and in its components consisting of evergreen, tastefully interwreathed with white and red *cabbages*. Vegetable pills are popular, but this was too much of a dose for our Roscius; he left the stage in a fury. The appetite of the audience, however, was not yet satisfied, and he was again called for. Not appearing immediately, the hubbub was deafening for ten or fifteen minutes, when he again appeared before the curtain in *propria persona*. He had said but a few words, when an immense cabbage, emanating from the "gods," fell at his feet. Overcome by these "thickcoming *fancies*," he dodged behind the curtain, and bade an eternal adieu to the stage!

Some people blame Mr. Barry for producing such novelty. I think him right. These cavillers will not patronise him when he produces the true drama; nothing will draw them, or others, to the theatre but something *outre*. This they will pay their money to see, and then go away and grumble at the bad taste of the manager. If he uses *taste*, he loses *money*; if he but *dock* it, he fills his pocket. There is no reason for blaming him for the alternative which he has adopted. There has been already $116,000 lost in the management of the Tremont theatre since 1831. *Stars* have been allowed to pocket the money, and managers forced to whistle at bankruptcy as best they might. The fact of the great success of the recent *gags* is a bitter satire upon public taste in Boston, and I rather suspect that Barry is laughing roguishly in his sleeve.

At the National, Fuller's steeds are *starring* it, and prove pretty good *draught-horses*, inasmuch as they *draw* tolerably well. Mr. Pelby is very industrious in his management, and deserves success. S.

Since the receipt of the letter given above, the following has reached us from another source. The writer is well known to hundreds in this city, as one of the cleverest men alive—as an out-and-outer at any thing, from a horse-trade to a theatrical criticism,—who sings the best song, tells the best story, and brags on the prettiest sister, the fastest horse, and the ugliest dog this side of the Alleghanies!

BOSTON, March 4, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Knowing, as I well do, that you are always anxious to hear of everything that is "*fast*," especially "*Green* fast ones," I take the liberty of sending the "*feat*" of one of our Boston "*cracks*"—mind you, I don't mean "*horse*" but "*theatrical*." You have undoubtedly, ere this, read and heard much of the young "*American Roscius*," Mr. SHALES, of Boston, who, on Tuesday evening, February 26, made such a decided hit on the Tremont boards, in the character of "*Richard III.*" The house was crowded from pit to gallery, amongst whom, were many of O. F. M. (our first men). I have seen with delight the *Richard* of the elder Kean, Booth, Macready, Cooper, Forrest, and many other brilliant "stars," but never have I seen "*such points*" as those made by Shales. Nor am I alone in meeting to him such praise. I saw around me many of our oldest critics, who were forced to acknowledge, and yield the palm of original "points" to the "Young Roscius." For just conception, correct reading, gestures, attitudes, and true pathos, I think he stands (taking into consideration his little experience in stage business,) without a rival, in his line of acting, on the American stage; all that is requisite to make him a star of the most brilliant magnitude, is a little more confidence in his "*gigantic powers*," which he will readily acquire as he becomes more acquainted with "stage business."

If I had ability and time I would say much more (and in truth I could,) in favor of the talents of the young "aspirant" for Dramatic fame, but must leave it for abler pens than mine, to delineate the sublime points of his acting. With this you will receive the "original" splendid *wreath* presented to Mr. Shales, by a number of his personal friends and warm admirers, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26. After the curtain fell, the call "Shales! Shales!" was unanimous, which made the walls of the Tremont tremble, and notwithstanding the very great physical exertion made and kept up throughout the whole performance, Mr. Shales came forward, (although apparently much exhausted,) amidst deafening cheers, and was addressed by a gentleman in the Procenium Box, quite to the purpose, who then presented to him, in behalf of his many friends, the "wreath," which was responded to, in a very appropriate, and equally "*laconic*" style, by Mr. Shales; who I understand takes a benefit at the Tremont on Thursday evening next (prior to his leaving the City to fulfil engagements at the South). I understand he is again to personate "Richard III." on which occasion he will be presented with a "Service of Plate," from the lovers of the legitimate Drama. In the last act, Scene IV. "Bosworth Field," he will appear on the *no-haired horse*, who is now in training for the occasion.

I should have before this sent you the "wreath," but was prevented from doing so, for the purpose of giving a great number of "*Representatives*," that are now in the city, an opportunity of examining it, as they had before been prevented by the unprecedented rush of our citizens. I also send you the lithographic prints of Shales, as Richard, taken by a young artist of Boston. *I* say, the price of admission to see the "wreath" and "prints," should be, at least, one year's subscription to your New Series—I mean the *Ten Dollar Fellow!!*

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

A FRIEND TO GENIUS.

The "Splendid Original Wreath" duly reached the city of Gotham in good order, and well conditioned, except that it was redolent of "an ancient and fish-like smell," compared with which, the fragrance of the rose is as a huckleberry to a persimmon. Its progress from the steamboat landing to the office of the "Spirit of the Times," was not remarkable for any particular display of pride, pomp, and circumstance; everything was done decently and in order; instead of a triumphal car, drawn by six fiery steeds, it "arriv" on a plain democratic cart, driven by an individual in a whity-brown frock and a shocking bad 'at, who, after consigning the precious casket containing it to our care, made the pertinent and expressive remark, that "all charges *was* paid," to which the equally eloquent response, "that's lucky," having been made, the gentleman, vulgarly denominated a "carman," incontinently cut his stick. In the selection of the "casket" alluded to, especial regard must have been had that it should be in perfect keeping with the treasure it enclosed. Whether originally manufactured for a half-bushel measure, or to mark the outline of a skim-milk cheese, deponent saith not; it was certainly intended for "a handy thing," for it will answer capitally either for a patent box-trap, an ash-pan, spittoon, wash-tub, horse-trough, or clothes-basket. Being beyond question a Yankee "notion," of the cutest description, it has most likely been "everything by turns, and nothing long;" we hope the ingenious inventor may never ascertain "to what base uses it has come at last," for its truly attractive and interesting appearance seduced some *chevalier d'industrie* into the commission of a "flat burglary" the other day. The last time it was seen, was under very suspicious, and we may venture to add, untoward, circumstances, and nothing but the serious aspect of the difficulties on the Canadian Border, and in Maine, prevent our bringing the matter before the public at once; in the interim, before the next session of Congress, it will seriously engage the attention of Old Hayes, Mr. Shales, Pot-Pie Palmer, and "the Man in the Claret-colored Coat!"

But the Wreath itself! Oh, Moses! There was "a right smart chance of gals tracks about" where that was made, we don't think. Such a bouquet of daffy-down-dillies and arsesmart—of pennyroyal blossoms and poke-weed! Their aromatic perfume did not come upon us like the "colored gemman" of

——"the sweet South,
Stealing and giving odor,"

not by no manner of means! Any one with the sense of "a small yellow dog" might have seen that, without the nose of a pointer. The bandeau, or circle of the wreath, was formed of two intertwined oak withes, tastefully inlaid with red flannel and salt hay; the outside of the bandeau was decorated with sprigs of clover, and spangles of the primest timothy and grass seed. It was left to Byron, the master spirit of his age, to immortalize the laurel wreath which encircled "the bald first Cæsar's brow; would that Orator Pop Emmons remained "alive and above ground" to do justice to that presented to THE FIRST SHALES! To be sure, neither Cæsar, nor his wreath, were any more comparable to Shales' and "his'n," than "he to Hecuba;" but when the peculiar genius of the latter personage is dispassionately considered, it must be as clear as mud to everybody, including those "children under 12 years of age" who were "admitted at half-price" to see him, that there was a singular appropriateness in the component parts of the "victorious wreath," destined to adorn his "cabbage-head"—we mean his "knowledge box." Of the festoons, which imparted to it a singular grace and fancifulness, we have said nothing. They were unique. Pendant from the centre, suspended by a gorgeous red tape, a pickled cabbage shone resplendent; "like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear," hung on either side a "hunk of cheese," and an enormous Carolina potatoe. Looped up by strings, not of pearls, but of onions and dried apples, were "herrings—pickled herrings—herrings that are red," the whole intermingled with loops of "sassingers," from places "where you see no dogs!" A tremendous artichoke loomed up from a galaxy of grapes, dough-nuts, and baked apples, like the eye of a dead cod-fish set in mud, and a pickled cucumber, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," hung pendant to match a *very* "hasty" made "pudding" of "rye and indian." A pure lump of rock salt formed n the glittering wreath a diamond of the first water, tastefully set as it was in the centre of a large Johnny-cake, but which a mad wag at our elbow insists was nothing less than a huge bread-and-milk poultice. The minor details were in good keeping, evidencing the possession of no ordinary taste and talent in those who designed and manufactured this extraordinary specimen of "Native skill and ingenuity" for "the proud representative" of Shakspeare's "Glo'ster—that bloody and devouring boar."

We deem it proper to state, after expresssing our acknowledgements to our Boston friends for the presentation of such an invaluable curiosity, that immediately upon its receipt, we placed it on exhibition at the A——r H——e, where it was visited by crowds of O. F. M., including troops of B. B. of the right sort. The splendid banner which accompanied the wreath—(a whity-brown yard of sheeting, bearing the inscription, in tar, "*Take him for all in all we shall not look upon* SHALES' *like again!*")—together with the wreath itself, and the superb lithographs of the "counterfeit presentment" of Richard III., are to be shipped to England immediately per the *Roscius*, of the Shakspeare line of packets, to the care of Jim Crow Rice, Esq., who is hereby requested to resolve himself into a committee of fifteen, and to present, in the name of the Great American Sea-Serpent of the Drama, SHALES, these trophies of his renown to the Garrick Club, as "proofs strong as holy writ," that, in *his* humble opinion, "nought but himself can be his parallel."

Resignation.—One of the most perfect examples of this virtue we ever saw pourtrayed, was on Wednesday night, in the acting of Mr. Keppell and Mr. Gilbert upon the seeming death of Juliet,—Gilbert playing Old Capulet, and Keppell playing Paris. When it is announced that Juliet is dead, Mr. Gilbert's acting seems to say: "The devil! you don't say so!" Mr. Keppell's acting seems to say "that's a fact,—dead as be d—n—d!" The great fortitude of these two artists, or something else, produced quite a sensation.

Lafayette (New Orleans) Gazette, 2d inst.

Finn's benefit on Monday evening turned out as we expected, full to overflowing. At the fall of the curtain, after loud calls.—Enter *Finn*. Ladies and gentlemen:—The usual purpose of *calling out* an individual is to obtain *satisfaction*, and I had flattered myself that this had already been given on this occasion! Allow me however to present you my thanks. [*Going and then returning.*] Hah! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! I've another conundrum!—*Such* a good 'un!

Audience.—Conundrum! Conundrum!

Finn.—Why is the present audience like a conundrum? Do ye give it up?

Audience.—We give it up.

Finn.—I give it up too. [*Exeunt Omnes*] Ib.

A woman sentenced to execution in a department in France for the murder of her husband and his daughter by a former wife, in order that she might secure everything for her paramour, requested to be taken to the guillotine under cover, as she had a very great dislike to getting wet. French gallantry complied with her wishes, and she went in her finest costume. We believe that Greenacre refused some spirit and water on the morning of his departure, on the ground that it never agreed with him at so early an hour. This is most delightful sentiment, and evinces wonderful preparation for eternity.

A Determined Punster.—Some one atributing the wants of Ireland to absenteeism, a resolute punster declared that "the misery of the Irish arose not from absent-*tee*-ism, but from absent-*dinner*-ism."

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 2d of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 2) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced, which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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